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WALLOPS

H. R. DURANT

KE37994

To "Buck" with all best wishes.

9/22/25 E. E. Driscoll

"NINE!"—he rose to his knees—(see page 37).

WALLOPS

BY

H. R. DURANT

Author of "The Awakening," "Hurricane Harry," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEORGE WRIGHT

HARTFORD, CONN.
DISSELL PUBLISHING CO.
1907

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These crude stories are affectionately dedicated to my boys, Tom and John.

H. R. Durant.

The author is greatly indebted to the New York "Sun," and to "McClure's," "Everybody's," "Munsey's," "Cosmopolitan," "Metropolitan," "Smart Set," "All Story" and "Gunter's," in which publications these stories originally appeared, for permission to publish them in book form.

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WALLOPS

The Unknown

The Unknown.

THE blistering August sun had burned the surface of the adamantine, shell road into a fine scorching powder. Then the fitful ocean breezes had caught up the chalky dust and covered the scrawny shrubbery and stunted trees beside the road, spreading all with a mantle of white so that at first glance it gave the impression of an early snow storm. To-day there was very little air stirring and the long absence of rain had parched and cracked the earth. The flowers drooped their heads listlessly, the leaves were still and the oppressive heat had even driven the shore birds to the cool recesses of the woods on the hills beyond. The hot air seemed deadly in its intensity and yet it evidently had no terrors for the two men who were going along the road. One rode a bicycle, and by his side jogged a man who moved in a manner denoting suppleness and strength. The latter had an appearance so striking that one upon gazing at him would immediately take a second look. He was nearly six feet tall, broad of shoulder, thick as to neck and spare of limb, but it was his countenance that attracted attention. He had the smooth face of a young man, yet there was something old about it. The drops of perspiration, which had left tracks from cap

to neck, did not tend to make his features attractive, but his look of dogged determination could not be obliterated. It was a strong face, lightened by deep set, clear blue eyes, and below a chin of such goodly proportions that many of his adversaries had called it a "mark," and yet failed to find it with the punch necessary to "put him away." However, his appearance was hardly that of a prize fighter out for his morning run, with his trainer on the bicycle as pace-maker.

"Red" Kelly had trained numerous fighters and his fiery, close cropped hair and pug-face had adorned many a ringside, and yet he had never handled a real world's champion. Ah, but he had one now! His present charge had fought his way with almost lightning rapidity to the front rank in the past year, and in the twelve contests, the last four of which had been under "Red's" experienced eye, his man had "won out the meal tickets for the stable with a right arm jolt," as "Red" tersely expressed it. Kelly saw him one night in a ten-round preliminary at the National Club with "Kid" O'Brien, a famous "trial horse." In the second round the right went to the "Kid's" jaw and it was all over. Kelly lost no time in looking up the man with the punch. He learned that the winner was an Unknown from somewhere in the west. For several months the newcomer had been boxing in preliminaries and up to that time had not known defeat. Kelly was "next" to a wealthy

politician who patronized the ring and Kelly lost no time in telling him of The Unknown. The next day they hunted up the new fighter, closed business arrangements with him and from that time to the present he had fought his matches under "Red's" management, the financial backing being furnished by the politician.

Of him they learned absolutely nothing. When he did speak it was in words different than anything to which they had ever listened outside of a theater, and all they ever got from him in regard to himself was that he had agreed to fight for them and that he would do so. "And," he added shortly, with a look at "Red" which gave that worthy a creepy feeling, "with me this is purely a matter of business and as long as you keep your end of the bargain I shall do likewise. I hate prize fighting and its environment of crooked politicians, state-prison candidates and bums, and the duration of my connection with you is governed entirely by my financial condition. Who I am or where I came from is none of your business, and please be good enough to remember this." To which "Red" simply said, "Yes, sir."

Afterward he told his political friend all about it and when he had described as best he could what The Unknown had said, stuck out his chin, extended one hand, palm downward and asked: "Now, what do you think of that, hey?"

So far the success of The Unknown had been complete and after all, the big end of the purses spoke better than words to "Red." In time he began to be spoken of as "Kelly's Unknown," and here he was at last, after weeks of newspaper wrangling and prize ring diplomacy, matched to box Charlie Ryan, the middleweight champion of the world. The match had been made for "one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, weigh in at the ringside, for a purse of ten thousand dollars, winner take all, for the middleweight championship of the world"—according to the articles of agreement. The sporting pages of the newspapers were full of the coming "boxing exhibition," and many were the conjectures as to the real name of "Kelly's Unknown." The betting had begun and two to one was freely offered on Ryan with few takers, even though the fight was nearly a month away. Kelly had brought The Unknown to this spot on the southern coast of Long Island because Oceanview was but a short distance from New York, where the fight was to take place, and because its good air, fine bathing, and ordinarily smooth roads were excellent for training purposes. For the past week Kelly and his "stable," as the retinue of rubbers and "workout" boxers are known to the devotees of pugilism, had been at Oceanview. The training quarters were situated half a mile from the summer colony and the fact that a prize fighter and his handlers were domiciled within this

distance of the wealthy summer visitors did not bring Captain Hand, the owner of the property, into very strong favor with them.

Men have to train no matter what the temperature may be and the road work seemed unusually long to Kelly this morning. He thought it was the hardest of all their daily ten-mile runs, but if it was arduous to The Unknown he gave no sign. Kelly kept up a running fire of comment and advice which was answered by an occasional nod of the head but nothing more.

"The game ain't nothin' to what it used to be" Kelly was saying. "Oh me, oh my, just think of that coin we got in New Orleans! But the boys has gone back, too. They don't last like they used to. I s'pose it's because of the old sayin', that the pail what goes fer the growler too often is sure to get broke. Anyway, these pikers ain't bred right. Maybe the old timers wasn't housebroken but they would take the gaff as long as they could see and some of them when they couldn't. Nowadays most of them are lookin' glass fighters and they're mongrels. Those is the fellers when they gets hurt with a wallop they don't come out of their corner with a smile. I likes horse racin' 'cause I believe in blood. If a horse, or a dog, or a chicken, or a fighter, is bred right I'll take a chance with him every time. I ain't got no use fer nothin' on earth if it ain't game. Why, if my dog wouldn't come out to

the scratch if he could walk, I'd kill him dead. And that's where you are all to the good, and where Mr. Champeen Ryan is a two spot. Oh, I know he's the champeen all right, all right," said "Red" as The Unknown looked at him questioningly, "but he ain't never been hurt very bad, and I know that when somebody does get to him where he can feel it he'll squeal. He takes a lot of punches but it don't hurt him 'cause some people can be hit and not have it hurt 'em. Nature just fixed 'em like a turtle, you can pound 'em on the shell and still nothin' doin'. But fer mine—give me the boy that gets hurt, who knows he's hurt and knows his chance is good for being put down for the count, but who still goes in and mixes it up. I once read about a brakeman who caught his foot in a frog and when he sees that he is all in he turns and faces the engine. Now if that had been me I'd butted that engine when it got near enough. Ketch on?"

They plodded along in silence for a few minutes when an object appeared in the road ahead and Kelly remarked: "Another of them red devil wagons a comin'." The automobile came along with a roar and then whizzed by leaving clouds of dust to mark its departure. The Unknown noticed that it was of the low racing type and that it contained a man and two girls, one of whom, in the fleeting glimpse he obtained of her, appeared to be strikingly beautiful.

"Tom Jordan and the two daughters of old man Brown who made his money in Wall street," said Kelly briefly: "I used to see them girls in Central Park last spring when me and Young Sullivan was doin' road work there. Jordan is rich too and don't do nothin' but steer his dinky ambulance filler 'cross the country, but I hear he is a thoroughbred, at that. Whew, but it's sufferin' hot! You was a sucker to sign fer one hundred and fifty-eight at the ringside. He thinks he's got such a cinch that he'd taken you on at one hundred and sixty, and those two pounds means all this sweat fer nothin'. Come, Jonesey, hit her up; its only a mile to the house." Soon after their first interview Kelly had asked The Unknown what his real name was, and upon being told that it was Jones had since called him "Jonesey."

They quickened their pace and had gone but a short distance when they heard the chuck-a-chuck of an automobile from behind, and upon turning around The Unknown saw that it was the same party, but they were going much slower than before. He stopped and they passed on. Looking at the occupants of the vehicle he saw that all but the girl whom he had previously noticed seemed unaware of his presence. She looked at him steadily but with well-bred indifference. She was indeed very beautiful. A healthy out-door life had marked her face with a rich tan, and her large

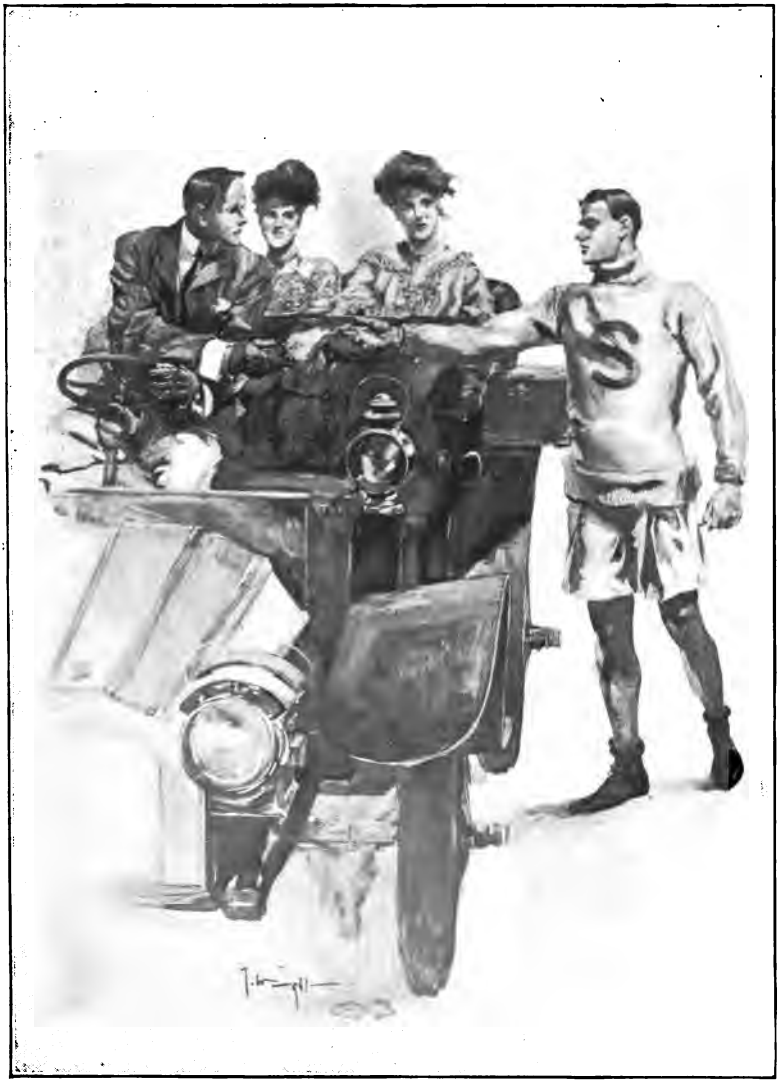
brown eyes showed a depth of sweetness in her nature all foreign to the cool haughtiness with which she now surveyed the man in the road. The brisk run of the machine had blown her brown hair about in riotous confusion and the absence of a hat showed a wealth of it. Did she gaze at him in an attempt at subjugation? Strong in the power of her beauty and with a fascination untold she still looked, and then—her eyes fell before his. Her face changed color slightly and she raised a hand to her head to arrange her hair. The next instant something white fell from the automobile to the road and when he reached it he saw it was a handkerchief. He picked it up and the girl said:

"Oh, Mr. Jordon please wait, I have dropped my handkerchief." As the machine stopped she added: "No, don't get out. This man has it and will bring it to me."

The Unknown approached and it seemed as if he would. The girl extended her hand and their eyes met again, but after an instant's pause The Unknown walked by her and deliberately tossed the handkerchief to the man in the front seat who caught it deftly.

The girl stiffened perceptibly, bit her lips in vexation and as The Unknown started away she called out:

"Here, sir!" and he paused. "This fellow's civility deserves a reward," she continued and, nervously opening her purse, took out a coin hastily and tossed it at



Their eyes met again.

his feet in the dust. He picked it up and touched his cap respectfully but his eyes were smiling at her mockingly. She turned her back to him, spoke to the man and as the automobile moved away, the other girl exclaimed: "Why, Nan ——— how absurd to allow yourself to feel in any way what that common fellow did! Your face is positively red."

Kelly had continued on his wheel for some distance and now stood waiting for The Unknown to come up with him.

"What's doin', 'Jonesey'?" he asked.

"Nothing much," replied the other with a far-away look in his eyes. "See what I earned by picking up a handkerchief!" and he displayed the coin.

"Hoi, yoi, yoi! a five tollar golt vun!" exclaimed his trainer. "Say, but they're rotten with 'cush.' But maybe she made a mistake."

"I guess she did," said The Unknown thoughtfully, and, he added, "two of them."

Early the next morning The Unknown appeared in his bathing suit and, running down the little wharf, dove smoothly into the water. When he came up he turned on his back and saw Kelly standing in the doorway.

"I may go as far as Sentinel Rock" he called out. "It looks squally and if it comes up rough I'll go ashore and walk back."

Sentinel Rock rose from the water directly in front of the settlement proper, of Oceanview. It lay about two hundred yards off shore, and was a favorite objective point for the strong swimmers. The Unknown was well on his way before he felt the breeze freshening from the southeast and soon the waves grew larger. It did not bother him any, but he made up his mind, considering the arduous day's work ahead, that he would not swim back in the rough sea. As he went on with steady strokes he noticed that no one appeared to be stirring about the cottages. It was not even breakfast time for the fashionable folk, and he wondered if they had any idea of the exhiliaration in an early morning's sea bath. He loved to feel the force of the spray as a wave broke now and then and the water dashed over him. The taste of the brine and the cool water surging about seemed to call up his surplus energy and he swam on with increased vigor in every stroke. Sentinel Rock was now but a stone's throw away.

"A good place to dive," he thought, "and a nice little swim from there to shore." He looked toward the beach , then suddenly stopped and began to tread water. What he saw was a girl swimming with short strokes and now and then she turned and floated on her back, evidently resting. At intervals a large wave broke over her and as he swam rapidly toward her he could

see that she was making little progress. She did not see him until he was within a few feet of her and when he asked her if she needed assistance she looked at him an instant and then shook her head. He had recognized her immediately as the girl who tossed the money at his feet the day before and he saw that she remembered him. For a few feet he swam silently by her side. Evidently her destination was Sentinel Rock which was now fifty feet away, but The Unknown knew by her actions that she was very tired.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," he said and, mechanically, she obeyed. In this way they reached the lee of the rock and he assisted her on it. She was completely exhausted, and he waited for her to recover.

"Your presence was very fortunate for me" she finally said, "and I am very grateful for your help. It seemed to grow rough all in a moment and I was too far out to turn back when I found myself growing tired. I take this swim generally in the morning before breakfast, but there is usually some one with me."

She looked at him but he turned his eyes to the east where the sun was splashing the sea with crimson. Yesterday she was haughty, strong in her beauty and conscious of her power, but to-day there was naught but gratitude in her glance and embarrassment in her manner.

"I am glad that I was able to assist you," he re-

plied, "and may I help you when you feel strong enough to return?"

"If you would be so good," she answered, smiling at him rather mischievously, and then after a pause, during which The Unknown refused to meet her glance, she said:

"I am Miss Brown, and perhaps you will find time to look me up soon."

"Yes, thank you," he said, flushing slightly, "my name is — William Jones, I am staying down the beach."

"I noticed the 'S' on your jersey yesterday. I have never before seen that initial on that color."

He eyed her searchingly for an instant and his face grew to a duller red as he answered: "I graduated from Stanford University."

"What special prowess won the 'S'?" she asked.

"Football."

"Of course, how stupid of me! That is what you were training for yesterday, wasn't it?"

"I hope you will pardon me, Miss Brown, but really we ought to go back," he said.

They slid into the water and at his suggestion she placed a hand on each shoulder. She thought it was strange for a football player to wear his hair short, but this was forgotten in her admiration for the speed he displayed in going through the water and in the

workings of the muscles of his shoulders, which felt like cords of steel beneath her hands. They scrambled through the surf, up out of reach of the foam and, extending her hand, the girl said:

"Don't you think you were rude to me yesterday?"

The Unknown held her hand for an instant and she noticed his melancholy manner. His eyes looked into hers but he seemed to see something far away. In spite of herself she waited for his answer in suspense, fascinated by his vague resentment and withal conscious of a tingling of shame.

"Perhaps I was, but I thought you were simply trying to override me with your beauty and I resented it," he replied gloomily.

"Well," she hastened to say, "everything seemed so peculiar. I knew you were a gentleman and yet the man with you was such a queer looking person."

Again his face reddened and she continued in a confused manner; "but you will drop in soon, will you not, and allow father to personally thank you for your kindness this morning?"

"Yes, very soon I hope, and until then good-bye," he said gently.

Turning abruptly he started on a run along the smooth hard beach. Just before rounding the point he looked and saw her standing near the cottage. Acting on the impulse he waved his hand and he saw her hand wave in reply.

One evening a week later Kelly said to The Unknown: "The air is good and cool to-night Jonesey, and you'd better take a walk before you go to bed." When he stepped outside it was dark. The tide was out, and walking through the eel grass he soon reached the beach which spread out before him, hard and level as a billiard table. The sky was overcast but the white sand lightened his way completely. The cool breezes fanned his face, and the salt air was a tonic which filled his lungs at every breath, but he heeded it not. Out on the bar the swish-swash, swish-swash of the waves droned monotonously, but all other sounds were hushed. The still beauty of the summer night had no fascination for him; his thoughts were elsewhere. He walked rapidly with his eyes on the ground and came to himself suddenly as he rounded the point when he heard the faint sound of distant music. The Surf House, which was the principal hotel, was ablaze with light. It was situated but a short distance from the water, and The Unknown continued his way until he could see the white gowns moving about on the wide veranda and hear the laughter of the guests. The music resolved itself into a dreamy waltz, and then he realized for the first time that it was the evening for the regular weekly hop at the hotel. For a moment he stood motionless and then suddenly became aware that a figure was seated on a sand dune within a few feet of him.

It arose and then something in the poise, he could not tell what, told him it was she. Going to her he asked:

"Is it you?"

"Yes," she answered in a low voice, "I have been watching you and wondering why you have not been to see me."

"I intended to," he replied, "but—business matters detained me. How is it you are not dancing?"

"The dance has just started," she answered. "It is the first number and I wandered down here for a moment to get a breath of air. My card is full and I suppose somebody will come for me presently."

There was reproach in her manner, and he realized that he could no longer afford to be arraigned before the bar of her vague suspicion. She waited for him to speak but he only bowed his head, conscious of the soft fire of her eyes on his hair, and mindful of the fact that she knew there was something about himself for him to explain, and that she was anxious to know—because she cared. The music rose and fell alluringly and for an instant he had the mad desire to pick her up in his arms and carry her off— he knew not where.

Well—he drew a deep breath—he had put his hand to the plow, there must be no turning back. It was too late for subterfuge. He would not deceive further. Well he knew that what he had to tell her would be his undoing, that the gates of

paradise would shut against him forever, but —so be it! Raising his head he looked at her and saw the appeal in her glance. What she saw in his eyes caused her to place a hand to her heart as though suddenly startled and she trembled like a leaf shaken by the wind. In a voice low and intense he began:

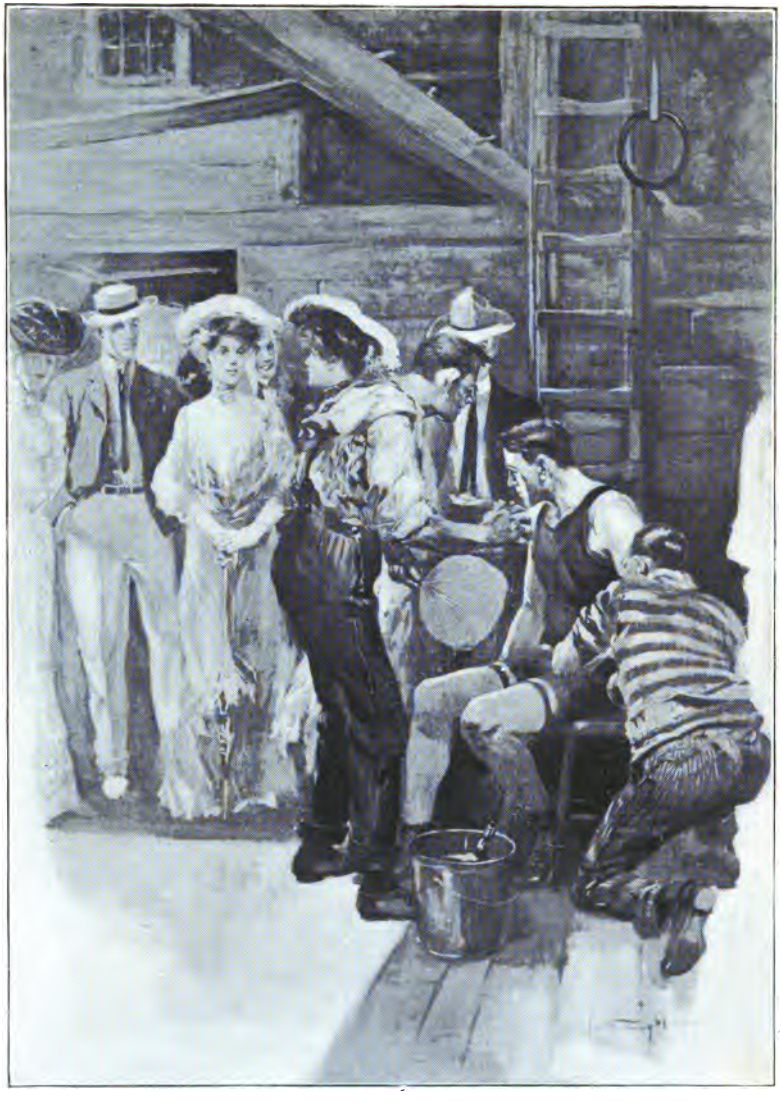
"There is much you should know"—but just then somebody ran down the steps from the hotel veranda, and a masculine voice called out:

"Oh, Miss Brown! I say, Miss Brown, are you out here?"

An instant later The Unknown glided away in the darkness and she waited the coming of her partner, absolutely speechless. She was ashamed and proud, humiliated and happy, filled with wild rage at him and at herself, and frightened withal. Without reason, or thought, or right, he had drawn her to him and deliberately kissed her and she had—returned it.

* * * * * * *

The boxing contingent had converted Captain Hand's barn into a temporary gymnasium where, after his morning run, The Unknown finished his first half of every day's work by punching the bag, tossing the big medicine ball, working the chest weights and wrist machine, and skipping the rope, followed by a brisk rubbing down and a thorough massage treatment, which



"The swells wants a knock down to you."

left him with a voracious appetite for his midday meal. In the afternoon he limbered up on the punching bag and then boxed four rounds with each of the three "workout" boxers in the "stable." After this he was at liberty to take a walk, fish, go sailing, or amuse himself in any way he chose.

One afternoon, a week after the dance at the Surf House, as The Unknown and Andy Johnson were putting on the well-worn five ounce gloves for the first bout, Kelly suddenly appeared and said: "Say fellers, there's a swell mob outside from down the beach waitin' fer you to git into some clothes before they comes in. They want to see you box and they'll be inside as soon as doors open. Andy, you'll have to put on your glad rags 'cause they won't stand fer nothin' but a Bowery grin. I guess that bathin' suit of yours 'll do you, Jonesey."

Then going up to The Unknown and eying him for an instant searchingly, he continued:

"You look kinder white. I hope you ain't gettin' too fine. Do you feel good? You want to do your prettiest to-day 'cause that girl what gave you the V is in the party and she's entitled to a ringside seat."

The Unknown turned abruptly and grasped the wrist machine with a vigor which caused Kelly to remonstrate with him.

There were six in the visiting party, and when

they entered the barn The Unknown and Johnson were boxing their first round. The pace was furious and The Unknown danced in and out with the grace of a panther, rocking his opponent's head back with a straight left, apparently whenever he desired, and then defending himself from the other's blows so cleverly that the men were immensely interested in the scene. As The Unknown side-stepped and got out of the way of one of Johnson's rushes his eyes left the other boxer for an instant and he saw her. The look of disgust and horror on her face told him plainer than words what she thought. He turned and blocked Johnson's blows by sheer luck for his head was in a whirl and the despair of death in his heart. How he got through the round he never knew, but after an age Kelly called time and he walked to his chair mechanically. Kelly noticed his unusual pallor and anxiously asked him if he felt all right. He nodded that he did. The visitors were laughing and chatting and The Unknown glanced across the room and saw her looking up to Jordan with a smile on her face. They began another round and The Unknown's work was of such an order that Kelly cursed roundly under his breath. Just before the call of time for the end of the round The Unknown tried a right swing and missed by almost a foot. He heard her laugh at his awkwardness and this pulled him together. He looked

at her again as he sat in his chair and she gazed through him out the open door into the background of marsh and fields. But he was beyond the sting of her indifference. Her laugh at his wild swing had goaded him and now, manlike, he wanted to smash everything within reach! The color came back to his face, and the thought that she could make light of his degradation and humiliation brought every bit of his fighting blood to the surface. He was wild with rage and yet he knew he must appear calm.

"Prize fighters are a disgrace to civilization," he heard her say as Kelly called time for the third round. His eyes were nothing but two small slits when he moved to the center of the floor and then — Johnson lay flat on his back on the mat. There was a feminine cry of alarm and The Unknown stepped back and waited for the fallen boxer to arise. He got up directly and then with a rush went for The Unknown, who laughed sneeringly and beat him back without mercy. When time was called poor Johnson was reeling about and Kelly said to him:

"That'll be about all from you." He had ceased to worry about The Unknown's physical condition.

While Danny Welch was putting on the gloves and getting ready for the second workout Kelly told The Unknown that "the swells wants a knock down to you" and he walked over to where the visitors stood. They

noticed his ease of manner and marvelled at his graceful acknowledgment of the introduction.

Jordan began, "You do not look like a prize fighter Mr.—— er ——."

"Jones," said The Unknown, with just the flicker of a smile.

"Oh, yes, Jones," said Jordan eying The Unknown critically.

"I guess that most fighters are bad enough," he replied, "but they are painted worse than they really are."

"Of course, you expect to win."

"I know I shall win anything for which I set out," said The Unknown with conviction, and his eyes rested for a moment upon Miss Brown.

"If I am not mistaken," she hastened to say, "you very kindly picked up my handkerchief for me on the Durham turnpike," and then she added patronizingly: "Oh, yes, I saw you once."

"I could not forget such a momentous occasion," he replied, and he added: "Oh, yes, I do remember meeting you *once*." At this she moved away with a shrug of her shoulders and began pushing the punching bag back and forth in a most absent-minded manner.

A red mist seemed to float across The Unknown's vision and when Kelly said: "All right, Jonesey, come on," he walked toward his new opponent with his

calmness and good judgment thrown to the four winds of heaven.

There was much for the visitors to talk about as they wended their way homeward, but the girls did not realize that they had enjoyed the unique distinction of probably being the only members of the feminine sex to witness the complete knockout of two men within a period of two minutes, caused by The Unknown's deadly right hand. And the men never told them.

The hard training was coming to a close. It was now three days before the championship battle, and The Unknown had not seen her since the visit to the training quarters. He realized how hopeless it all was for him, and yet he had sworn to himself that she should hear his story. Sometime he would tell her how he had sold his birthright, and how much different it would have been with him had he known her before he — slipping on a coat he walked rapidly from the house to the shore and then along the beach in the direction of the cottages. A full moon hung suspended over the ocean. Its reflection on the water to the shore was like a huge, quivering bar of silver. There was no sea running and all life seemed hushed by the beauty of the scene. As he walked on he could distinguish a boat in the glittering path of the moon, and then he heard the music of a guitar and a man singing. In spite of himself a sob rose in his throat. That happiness which

came to others was to be denied him. At any rate, win or lose the coming contest, he would begin his life anew, live like a man and seek an occupation which would be an honor to himself.

The cottages were built in a row on a bluff about fifty yards back of high-water mark, and between the shore and the cottages was a well-kept macadam roadway. Bordering the water-side of this road were small open pavilions belonging to the different houses, and here the residents spent most of their evenings watching the surf roll in or listening to the hotel orchestra. The Brown cottage was the handsomest of the many dwellings, and made conspicuous by the large amount of land it occupied.

When he reached the settlement The Unknown took to the road and walked briskly along. In the Brown pavilion sat a girl with her arms on the railing and her face resting in her hands. Her eyes were seaward, looking out and beyond the moon's splendor, for she saw it not. By her side was a Boston terrier whose soft eyes and dejected attitude seemed to share the melancholy manner of his mistress. A growl from the dog gave warning of the approach of some one and, looking down the road, she perceived a man coming along rapidly in her direction. The smart Panama hat and immaculate flannel suit were a strange attire for The Unknown and she did not recognize him until he had

crossed the walk and stood before her. The terrier jumped at him but he caught the dog, gave it a sharp cuff or two and then dropped the animal which immediately sought the protection of its mistress. The girl arose with flashing eyes and started to speak, but he motioned her back to her seat and began:

"I shall not detain you long but you must hear what I have to say."

"Must?"

"Yes. I have no explanation to offer for the prize fighter called The Unknown, but I want you to learn you were not mistaken in your opinion of me before you found out my present occupation. You know I am a prize fighter, you thought I must have been ——— something else, and I want you to be sure that you were right in your opinion."

"I am sure you have never been anything but a prize fighter and positive that you will never be anything else," she said contemptuously.

"Perhaps not, to you," he replied evenly, "but as this is probably the last time you will ever see me I ask you to be fair, if not generous."

"You are very presumptuous," she said with withering scorn, "Why should I care what you are now or what you think you are not? I do not choose to waste a single thought on you. Will you be good enough to go or shall I call for some one?"

"Call him, or them, and I will wait," he replied, with a smile which was not pleasant to see. "Then I sha'n't be confronted with this possibility again," he added and seated himself grimly.

"Of course," she said disdainfully, "you would not be contented unless brawling. I refuse to please you. However, I can go myself."

"You will not," he said decisively. "First, because I sha'n't let you and last because you don't want to."

She turned her head away and, humming as though to herself, idly drummed upon the railing. Her studied indifference apparently was not noticed for he continued:

"You know I am — different — from — from what I seem to be."

"Absurd!"

"Yes, you do! I saw you looking at my college pin a moment since and you know ———."

"How dare you keep me here," she exclaimed with sudden heat, "and compel me to listen!"

"Because I want you to know that you are a school friend of my sister and because you told her once you did not believe her brother guilty of a crime, and for that belief John Willard thanks you from the bottom of his heart."

"You ——— you ——— are Jack Willard," she

breathed, staring at him wildly, and then recovering herself, "I don't believe you."

"Two years ago," he continued hurriedly, "I was in business with dad ———" his voice broke ——— "and a large sum of money was taken from the firm. My brother Will accused me and I acknowledged it, which forced me to leave home. But Madge has told you all. Well, in desperation I took up this — hiding my identity, forgetting my friends and by them forgotten, and seeking money in this degrading way. I was the amateur champion on the coast and ——— the rest has been easy. I felt I must tell you this because your — your — interest in me was not altogether misplaced, because — could I have had the opportunity of meeting you the same as other men, things ———."

"It is useless," she said, "It is simply what you are. Of course, I was familiar with the whole distressing story, but nobody thought you would ever come to — *this.*" He winced perceptibly. "I cannot understand why you do not return home and resume your former place."

He looked at her queerly and she asked: "Did you not know that your brother received an army appointment several months ago and confessed to having appropriated the money himself? Madge writes that your father has searched for you everywhere."

"No," he answered wearily, "I have not heard from

sis in a long time, but it doesn't matter now. As you say, it is what one is that counts and I am a ——— prize fighter. Well," he drew himself up, "I shall fight my last fight in two nights and then to battle with life in earnest. I want you to think kindly of me, and if you ever do remember me I hope your recollection will be of a man who was glad to do you a small service when he could. Good-bye, Nan, and God bless you."

She watched the strong figure pass rapidly down the road and out of sight and then, dropping her head on her arms, sobbed without restraint.

* * * * * * *

At eight-thirty the club house was filled with a sweltering mass of exuberant humanity. At nine o'clock it was announced to the five thousand fuming sports outside who were clamoring to get in, that no more tickets would be sold and from then until the winner was announced the police were forced to labor hard to preserve order and protect the property of the club. Outside the turbulent mob swayed back and forth while within, collars soon wilted and coats were immediately stripped off irrespective of their owners social status. The postless twenty-four foot ring was fastened to a platform directly in the center of the building. Surrounding the platform were boxes, the heads of the occupants being even with the platform floor and allowing those behind an unobstructed view of the arena. Next

were the aisles, and then from them, straight up to the roof of the huge barn-like structure, on all four sides of the building, ran the seats for the common herd. The light which beats upon a throne was an early twilight compared with the white glare which descended from a myriad of arc-lights above the ring to the mat. The light was so fierce that the rest of the building seemed to be in total darkness and the incessant lighting of matches by the smokers on the tiers of seats was like the flash of fire-flies outside in the hot summer night. Occasionally an impatient spectator would begin to stamp his feet and then, when taken up by the rest, it fairly shook the big building and sounded like the roar of distant thunder.

Ryan came in with his handlers clustered about him and made his way with difficulty down the aisle to his dressing-room. His appearance was the signal for a great cheer and the spontaneous ovation showed him to be a pronounced favorite. As soon as he disappeared the odds went to ten to six in his favor.

The Unknown's chief backer was the portly politician. He was there in all his magnificent splendor, his silk hat on the back of his head, his sack coat on one arm and a big black cigar in his mouth which continually pointed to the roof. When ten to six was offered and then two to one on Ryan, he yelled:

"Here, gimme some of that, it'll do fer mine,

your're on. I'll take that till the cows comes home. No! no finger bets for me, show me the long green," and then after he had accepted all the bets in his vicinity, sat down and said hoarsely:

"What t' hell. It's like stealin' candy from a kid."

Up from a box rose a man in evening clothes, and from a roll of money as big as a piano leg he began to strip off one hundred dollar bills and hand them to his commissioners who placed them wherever a man wanted to bet on Ryan. It was Jordan, and when he finally sat down it was even money on The Unknown, with few takers, and the talent was nonplussed. The announcer shrieked from the four sides of the ring that both men had made the required weight, and then to occupy the attention of the impatient throng he announced the presence of different past and present pugilistic champions, who arose from the boxes in turn to receive royal homage.

While two youngsters were boxing a twelve round preliminary The Unknown came in and passed through the crowd almost unnoticed. He wore a smart serge suit, and but for the critical glance which he gave the ring and the lights overhead, seemed unaware of his surroundings.

The politician followed on into the dressing-room. As soon as he saw him Kelly asked: "Say, cull, how much are yer down fer?"

"I'm in fer the limit, Red, together with me friends. If this boy don't win, well" ——— he threw up his hands ——— "to the tall timber fer mine."

"No chance, no chance," said Kelly, as he looked at The Unknown affectionately. "It's a pipe. Here! get this down fer me at any old price," and back went the politician with all the money that Kelly had in the world.

From the opposite corner of the building came a crowd of men with a bare-headed man in the center. A deafening cheer arose which soared to the beams overhead and then back again to the floor. It lasted until Ryan made his way up the steps, through the ropes and finally sat on his chair in his corner. He wore a white sweater and trousers, and a hundred arms were upraised to shake hands with the champion.

From the other corner came another crowd. Ten thousand curious eyes were focused on The Unknown, but few applauded his appearance. Behind him was the faithful Kelly with towels on his arm and a wooden pail filled with ice-water in which were the regulation sponge, lemons, and bottle of cold tea. When The Unknown stepped over the ropes it was seen that he wore a dressing-gown, and from a rear seat somebody yelled: "Oh, mamma! Pipe Gussie in his little nightie," which brought forth a shout of derisive laughter. The Unknown scrapped his feet in the powdered

rosin and then Ryan walked over and shook hands with him.

"May the best man win," said Ryan.

"He will," answered The Unknown.

The red colored gloves were placed upon a sheet of wrapping paper in the center of the ring, and from them Kelly and Ryan's trainer each selected a pair. The referee jumped into the ring. He was all business, from his shining bald head to his tennis shoes. An instant later he came over to The Unknown's corner and said to Kelly:

"Ryan is making a kick about the bandages and they'll have to come off."

"I guess nit," retorted Kelly. The bandages to which he referred were strips of electric tape bound from knuckle to wrist as a protection. Kelly and the referee went back to Ryan's corner.

"They got to come off, Red," said Ryan.

"What fer?" asked Red, who was getting belligerent.

"'Cause there ain't nothin' said about them in the articles of agreement," answered Ryan.

"Aw, come off, come off," said Kelly, "we didn't agree *not* to wear 'em. He's got 'em on and they're going to stay on, see? If he don't keep them bandages on there ain't goin' to be no fight," and he walked back to The Unknown. The crowd hooted. An instant later the referee came back and said:

"All right, put on the mitts."

The Unknown reached into a pocket of his dressing-gown and his hand came out closed over something which glittered when the light struck it. As unconcerned as the movement was it did not escape Kelly's watchful eye, and as The Unknown shoved the object under the bandage in the palm of his right hand Kelly saw that the shining article was a five dollar gold piece. Red said nothing, but he had a most peculiar expression on his face as he assisted The Unknown in drawing on the gloves. Kelly felt in his pocket for his piece of whalebone, his adhesive plaster and his small bottle of ammonia. Then he drew off The Unknown's dressing-gown and held a cold sponge to the back of the latter's neck.

"Come on boys," said the referee from the center of the ring, and both fighters walked to him to receive final instructions. Not a sound could be heard in that great building. It was a tense moment. The throng had its first opportunity of comparing the two men. Ryan was the shorter of the two and of broad and stocky build, with great knots of muscles on his brown back and shoulders, whereas The Unknown's skin on his breast and thighs was like polished marble. His muscles were long and sinewy. Ryan was the strong, rugged, heavy-jawed bulldog, The Unknown the lithe tiger, with all of that animal's powerful strength and beautiful grace.

Considering physical appearances only it was a truck horse against a thoroughbred.

The ring was empty now save the referee and the two contestants, who stood in their respective corners waiting the clang of the bell. You could hear a pin drop anywhere and then ——— tung! ——— ah! ——— there was a sound as though many men had sighed in unison ——— the bell had struck.

"Keep away at first, and kid him along," said Kelly as The Unknown left his corner. Ryan wore a confident smile and as he sprang forward and backward and then sideways with his head drawn between his shoulders, he looked every inch a champion. Suddenly he rushed, but The Unknown danced nimbly away, came back immediately and jabbed the champion's head with a lightning-like left. Twice did Ryan essay to rush and twice was he stopped short with straight left hand punches, but with little damage resulting.

For three years Ryan had been champion and deemed invincible because of his ability to rush in upon his adversary, beat down his guard with an avalanche of fearful blows and then knock him out at his pleasure. He had never been knocked down or defeated in his life and from his ability to withstand punishment might well have been called physically immune. The Unknown had been trained to fight him at long range, or, as Kelly expressed it:

"Feint him till he's tied in a knot, then when he rushes go to a clinch or leg it. Git him mad an' he's yours."

Ryan showed his displeasure in the second round by scowling when The Unknown kept successfully ducking his swings and side-stepping his bull-like rushes. He was plainly nettled. Occasionally Ryan would corner his elusive antagonist and then the latter would clinch and protect himself effectively in the break-away. To the great surprise of the multitude, The Unknown landed three hard straight lefts without a return, on Ryan's nose and mouth, slipping away easily from the champion's dangerous counters.

As he sat in his chair Kelly said gleefully: "You got him bleedin' in the mouth. I seen him swallowin' it three times. He don't want you to have first blood or know you hurted him. Yes, see?" he whispered, exultantly, "he just spit out a toot in 'Chappie' Doran's hand!"

In the third round they fought harder and, during a slashing mix-up, Ryan got home a hard right on The Unknown's left eye. Both were in fine condition, yet the fast work was shown in their labored breathing. The Unknown's stock had taken a big rise and even money was now freely offered on him. Ryan had lost his confident expression, while The Unknown boxed on without a change of feature. His face was as expressionless as

a stone and as he moved about, seemingly on steel springs, he was the typical fighting machine. Up to this point he had not tried his right hand, but confined himself to jabbing and upper-cutting with the left. The old timers were settling down to a long fight. Ryan's rushes were futile and he became exasperated.

"Stand up and fight," he sneered.

"Hit me," invited The Unknown mockingly, as he blocked two hard swings. So far no blood had been shed, but the fighting was so fast that the great crowd was becoming wildly excited.

"You'll have a shiner, all right," said Kelly when the third round was over, as he washed the damaged eye, "but I guess she ain't goin' to close. Work the right to the body and git inside his punches. Shake him up. He's got a bad right. Watch it."

It was now the fourth round and easily The Unknown's fight on points. They exchanged body blows and both missed for the head. Ryan had stopped rushing and fought more warily. Suddenly he feinted with his left and then made as to step back. The move completely fooled The Unknown who, thinking Ryan was about to retreat, went toward him, but Ryan stepped in instead and landed a right arm jolt flush on the point of The Unknown's jaw. The blow did not travel over ten inches, but its force was terrific. The Unknown pitched forward, struck on his face on the floor and

lay motionless. The hush of death fell on that great throng. With a laugh Ryan turned and walked toward his corner of the ring. His seconds were shaking hands with each other jubilantly. Apparently it was all over. The referee began to count:

"One!" —— "two!" ——.

The Unknown feebly turned over on his back and opened his eyes wonderingly.

"Three!" —— "four!" ——.

As he lay there the electric lights overhead seemed to be a million blinding stars which shot off into space and back again to his head with the force of a trip hammer.

"Five!" —— "six!" ——.

"Why," he thought, as a shower of cold water descended on his face, "it's raining, and I didn't know the roof had blown off"—but it was only the water from a sponge in Kelly's hand, thrown at him from outside the ring.

"Seven!" ——.

How did he come to be lying down, anyway?

"Eight!" ——.

And then he heard Kelly's voice say hoarsely: "Jonesey! Jonesey! fer God's sake git up! Quick!"

Instantly he realized where he was.

"Nine!" —— he rose to his knees ——.

"Ten!" —— but he was on his feet before the fatal ten had sounded.

A perfect bedlam of sounds rent the air. Men cursed and yelled with joy, hats and cushions went into the air and a thousand voices roared to The Unknown: "Keep away! Stay back!" as Ryan went at him with the fierce viciousness of a bull-dog. Ryan did his best to finish him, but The Unknown clinched and clinched again, staggered about like a drunken man, only to come back and cling to Ryan, holding on with mad desperation until the referee literally tore him away; and all the while Ryan was endeavoring with the ferocity of a madman to land one of his sledgehammer blows where it would end the fight for good. The Unknown's brain was clear, but he had lost control of his body.

Another great roar arose as the bell clanged, and The Unknown zig-zagged to his corner. While Kelley scraped his tongue with the whale-bone and then held the reviving ammonia to his nose, one second vigorously flapped a big towel at him; another second soused his head with ice water and still another rubbed his legs frantically. He was himself again in a few seconds and then into his brain surged a mad desire to beat Ryan into a jelly. Caution and coolness left him with the speed of light, and in their place came the one insane idea that as soon as that bell sounded he would beat Ryan's head off, he would punch Ryan into an unrecognizable mass. Again before his eyes floated a

red mist, enveloping and covering all except Ryan's Celtic face, which leered out at him.

"Keep away from him this round, Jonesey, fer th' love of God!" said Kelly, "and lay up 'til you git over bein' groggy. You'll hand it to him yet if you keep cool!"

"Keep away nothing," almost hissed The Unknown, "I'll lick him in this round or he'll lick me!"

"What!" gasped Kelly, "don't you want to win the champeenship?"

"To hell with the championship!" cried The Unknown, and the bell rang for the call of time.

He met Ryan's opening rush with an awful right hand punch full on the eye, and the champion stopped short as though hit with a club. Then, as The Unknown cut loose, the mob went frantic. In an instant he was all over the champion. Never was seen such a fight as this and never was there such a whirlwind of blows as descended upon Ryan, who tried hard to retaliate, but his efforts were useless. Ryan swung both hands time and again, tried all of the moves and blows of which he had been master, but at such times his opponent was not there, but back again instantly with his deadly left hand jabs and his smile — such a smile! Another jab and Ryan wobbled unsteadily, partly dropping his hands.

"He's got him," yelled the crowd.

Shaking his head the champion plunged at his antagonist, who did not retreat now, but beat him back vengefully. Bang! — bang! — bang! — they came from right and left with terrific force! Four times more that deadly left hand went to Ryan's head. Slowly his hands fell to his side and then — thud! — a terrible right arm swing hit his jaw with the force of a battering ram and then — flat on his back lay an ex-champion of the world.

At three o'clock the next morning two men with arms locked rolled into a popular Broadway hotel with a crowd of bucolic heelers tagging behind. One wore a sweater and was hatless. The other was large of girth and for a hat sported the rim of what had once been a silk hat. Their pockets bulged.

"This is me an' me old pal," said the former, "an' these bull-oon men, grafters and railbirds in the gallery," indicating the rest by a majestic wave of the hand, "are in with anything we do, 'stand? Lock the doors and lose the key. This is the night we live an' nothin'll do fer us but the good old grape."

His friend swayed back and forth an instant and then, drawing the first speaker to his breast, sobbed: "I love ev'ry pink hair in your pin-head. Damfi wouldn't go t' th' chair fer yer to-morrow."

"Red" Kelly and the politician had come to their own.

After a Turkish bath The Unknown returned to the hotel. It required two policemen to escort him through the cheering crowd into the safety of the hotel office. His purse money and winnings were snugly tucked away in the hotel safe. A theatrical manager button-holed him with an offer of one thousand dollars a week for twenty-five weeks; reporters clamored about him for interviews, but he shook them all off and escaped to the quiet seclusion of his room. He gave a sigh of relief as he realized it was all over and then wondered where Kelly was. Not a bad sort of a chap, after all. He must do something nice for him. Once in bed his mind dwelt continually on the incidents which had occurred at Oceanview. Yes, he was a champion, but what did it all matter now? He was almost sure that she had returned his kiss — bang, bang, bang! — and he awoke with a start to hear some one rapping on his door.

"The gentleman said this was a most important message, sir," said the awe-struck bellboy jerkily, as he watched The Unknown in wide-eyed adoration and then handed him a note. This is what he read:

HOLLAND HOUSE.

Come to me.

NAN.

Thursday morning.

Where was he? What had happened? Yes, it must be real! There was the warm sun streaming through the open windows. Below was the dull roar of Broadway and the busy hum of a great city awake. A look in the glass showed him a well developed black eye, but the note — and then the full import of its contents dawned upon him. With a boyish laugh he seized the bellboy, who gave vent to an unearthly yell of wild terror and, after tossing him up and down on the bed, shoved a ten dollar bill in his hand and sent him flying from the room with his eyes almost popping out of his head.

An hour later John Willard's card was handed to Miss Brown. The answer was for him to come right up. He stood before her with his head in a whirl and heard her say:

"Mother and I came to town yesterday for a little shopping. We are going back — today — and we — that is — I — wanted to tell you that"—her face flushed hotly "— I — am glad — you — won."

Her lips were tremulous and she unclasped her hands nervously. Her eyes fell. He went to her and, laying his hands on her shoulders, turned her more directly to the light, so that she was forced to look into his eyes.

"Speak," he said in a low voice. He had grown very white. She did not answer.

"Will you tell me?" he asked, in a voice she knew

to be a command even though there was a world of doubt and anguish in his tone. She was unnerved by the situation, with the thoughts of what she had done and by his almost desperate manner, and then, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

"Oh, yes, *yes*, YES!" she cried wildly. It was a vague answer, but the only one he required. He folded her within his strong arms and held her close until her sobs ceased.

When she looked up at him her starry eyes swam in tears, but her glance hardened as she noted his looming black eye.

"Oh, dear," she said, tearfully, "is that where that — that brute struck you?"

That afternoon as the California limited express left Jersey City some of the passengers in one of the Pullman coaches came to the correct conclusion that two of their number were a bridal couple. The groom had a looming black eye.

The Double Cross

The Double Cross

IT WAS the hour when the good-natured crowds came pouring out of the theatres on to the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare, and, after mixing with cabs, surface cars and automobiles in a seemingly hopeless jam, slowly disentangled into some semblance of order and melted away toward home, or the favorite restaurant.

In one of the most popular chop-houses along Broadway sat a man and woman. Many admiring glances were cast at the latter, and the women plainly showed envy in every stolen look. Of this interest on the part of the other diners she was evidently unaware. In fact, her own attitude showed preoccupation. The oysters were untouched and the obsequious servant waited in vain for the balance of the order.

The man had the face of one who knew New York or, at least, of one who had seen it not altogether by daylight, yet it was a face denoting some strength of character and unusual intelligence.

Just now he gazed moodily at his companion, who was looking down the long room, but her thoughts were afar. Her garish clothes and the large picture hat could not hide the striking beauty of her face and figure. With her faultless complexion and fine, regular features, all

crowned by a wealth of bronze red hair, small wonder that New York theatre patrons had paid her constant homage during the season now drawing to a close.

She sighed abstractedly and idly fingered the oyster fork.

"You had better think it over carefully," said he quietly, breaking the silence which was fast becoming tense.

"I have," she replied feelingly. "I don't deserve a man like you, Frank, but if I cared for you in the right way that would make no difference. You have helped me when I needed it, and fought for me. You have never wanted me to be what — what — I shouldn't be. You have kept me from going where so many of these poor girls here have gone, and now my professional standing seems absolutely secure — all owing to your belief in me and your financial assistance." There were tears in her eyes. "Ah, but I don't love you," she continued hurriedly, "at least, the way your wife should love you. Let's go on in the same old way — the very best of friends. Surely I ought not to marry you through gratitude alone? Besides," she added with a fleeting touch of humor, "a marriage might hurt my drawing power."

"You are as simple as a child in some things, Marion," he said in a strained voice, as he leaned toward her, "but you must remember that they may have

another idol next season. The public is fickle and, after all, it isn't quite the best life, is it? There are better and higher things, such as a — home, and — children, and — why, there is an instance of what I mean," he said quickly, as he nodded his head toward two men who had just passed by. "Whenever that big fellow came in here two years ago, everybody stopped eating and watched him, while to-night very few notice him."

The two late arrivals were seated now, and she noticed the broad shoulders of the taller as he sat with his back toward her.

"Who is he?" she asked politely.

"That's Jim O'Brien. He was the champion pugilist of the world until Fitzgerald defeated him. He has been West for over a year and they say he is going into vaudeville. Two years ago he had a hundred thousand, but now he is down and out."

The plate glass mirror gave her a glimpse of his profile, and she wondered if she had not met him somewhere. She could not get a good look at him on account of the distance, but his face seemed very familiar — probably because of its frequent appearance in the newspapers.

"Say, don't turn around now," said the pugilist's companion, "'cause she's lookin' this way, but that girl with the carrotty hair, who's sittin' six tables behind you, is Marion Woods, the comic opera queen. New

York is clean daffy over her this season. The guy with her is Frank McCraig, her manager. Bat your eye at her pretty soon. She's a pippin."

A moment later the actress saw that the fighter had turned partly around, and was eying her steadily. She gazed back at him haughtily, wondering at his impertinence, and then dropped her eyes and reddened perceptibly. She was furious at being stared down by a prizefighter, and yet — oh, pshaw!— she was decidedly out of sorts to-night.

"I — I — guess I'll go home, Frank," she said almost petulantly. "Now, please don't bother; just see me to the cab, that's all."

He arose obediently and helped her with her furs. He had known her long enough not to be annoyed at any whim, or caprice. In spite of herself, she stole a glance at the pugilist as she turned to go, and again she caught his steady gaze. During the ride home her thoughts ran riot, and try as hard as she could, it was impossible to drive his features from her mind. No matter if she looked at the buildings, or up at the Heavens, that colorless face with the dark lines beneath the eyes, and the pompadour hair above, was ever before her like a spectre.

The following night as she was about to leave her dressing-room, a card was handed in. She took it mechanically, and carelessly glanced at it. Then her fingers shook a little as she again read, "James O'Brien."

"Have him come up," she said unsteadily. A moment later, looking through the open door of the dressing-room, she saw him making his way toward her through the scenery with the lithe movement of an animal.

"Well, Mollie, don't you know me?" he asked, looking at her queerly. She stood up and placed one hand on his breast.

"Why — why — not — Jimmy Osborne!" she stammered falteringly, looking at him wildly.

"Nobody else," he said with a sad smile.

"Oh, Jimmy," she said, "how could you?"

"How could you," he retorted, as he waved his hand toward the silken gowns hanging on the wall of the dressing-room.

"It's getting late," said McCraig from the doorway. The fighter turned quickly.

"Howdy'e do, O'Brien," he added curtly. The latter nodded coolly.

"Oh, Frank," she hastened to say; "it's the strangest thing — Jim — Mr. O'Brien and I were boy and girl together in Missouri, and I — I — never knew until now," she added with a half hysterical laugh. "He has asked me to take a bite with him, and we are going to talk over old times."

McCraig's face had grown a little pale.

"I'm very glad," he said evenly, "but don't forget that rehearsal of Banoski's new song to-morrow at

eleven," and with a pleasant smile at both, he turned and left.

They were seated in a cozy corner of the rathskeller, and he had given their order.

"Hold on a minute," he said to the waiter, and, then turning to her, he asked: "What kind of a cocktail?"

"Not any, thank you."

"What!" he ejaculated with some surprise.

"No. You see, I took Mr. McCraig's advice. He said that one cocktail was all right, except for the fact that it would lead to another, and that two cocktails before supper meant a part in The Road to Ruin Company."

"Well, I guess I'll cut mine out, too, this time," said the fighter shortly, and as the waiter left, he asked:

"Going to marry McCraig?"

"What a funny question," she replied evasively, and then with a mischievous smile she continued: "Goodness, no. I haven't time to marry anybody, but, come, let's talk over the old days. How did it ever happen? I can't understand it."

"When you were Mollie Evans, and I was Jimmy Osborne, eh?"

She nodded her head encouragingly. "Go on."

"Why, my girl, it seems as if it was a thousand years ago when I was a clerk in the bank, and you were soprano soloist in the Methodist Church. We knew

what Friday night prayer-meetings were then, didn't we? And we were sweet on each other, weren't we?"

He spoke lightly, but there was no mirth in the steady glance of his blue eyes. She lowered her head slightly and raised her hands to tuck in a stray bronze curl. When she did look at him, her face was strangely white.

"You were my sweetheart," she said steadily. "But tell me about your prizefighting," she demanded with sudden animation.

"There isn't much to tell," he replied with a shrug of his shoulders. "I began to box in the amateur tournaments, and when I won the championship there, the bank officers discharged me. Then I had to fight to live, and — here I am. But how is it you never knew of my — my downfall?" he asked with a short laugh.

"Well, you remember when I went to New York, after father died, to visit relatives, and you said you would write immediately, which you didn't do ——"

"Which I did do," he asserted with conviction.

"Well, no matter," she continued. "I've been here ever since, except for the two years I was abroad studying music. It isn't so strange I didn't know that Jim O'Brien, the pugilist, was Jimmy Osborne, any more than you didn't know Marion Woods was me."

"Nobody is sicker of this fighting game than I am," he replied, "and one more fight finishes me. I was

matched to-day to fight 'Kid' Sullivan for the light-heavyweight championship. Fitzgerald, the champion, has beaten both of us, and our fight will be a great card. This will be the last fight in New York, because the new boxing law goes in right afterward. The Garden will be jammed, and I'm sure to pick up a bundle of coin," he added, dropping into the vernacular, "and then a little farm, or road-house, in some quiet spot for mine. I've been down the line, Mollie, and there's nothing in it. Bah! it makes me sick now whenever I see a glove." He leaned toward her, and the tone of his voice changed. "Wouldn't you be glad to have a little home somewhere beyond the glare of the footlights? Just a bit of ground with maple trees and a flower-garden and chickens and — a man who was good to you?"

"Oh, Jim," she breathed, clasping her hands, "I'd give the world for it." Suddenly she placed her hand to her eyes and then abruptly stood up.

"Why, how absurd," she laughed, "we've been dreaming. If we stay here much longer it will be time to rehearse that new song."

Both were silent until they reached her home, when he said: "I fight in a month, and I'm going to start training tomorrow, so I shan't see much of you unless you come down to Bath Beach where the quarters are — just to cheer a fellow up, you know."

"I'd like to, but I'm too busy," she said with a shake of her head, "and I must — let me go! — Stop! — Oh, Jim, please don't ——" she panted, as he finally released her.

"Be sure and come down often," he said, and walked off.

"How dared he kiss me like that?" she thought, as she watched him gradually disappearing in the darkness with a nonchalant swing and easy tread. "How I hate him!" and she slammed the door with a vicious bang. Strange to relate, however, when her maid came to assist her, she found the comic opera queen radiantly smiling.

The next day the sporting pages of the newspapers were crammed with the news of the big match, and numberless pictures of O'Brien and Sullivan were shown along with signed statements from each. No doubt it would be the fight of the year. It was to be for twenty rounds at one hundred and eighty pounds, and each fighter had already posted ten thousand dollars as a side bet. Sullivan was the younger, and because of this, together with the fact that O'Brien's habits had not always been of the best, the former was said to be a slight favorite in the betting.

While a credulous public was reading this supposedly authentic information, Sullivan and O'Brien were closely closeted in a Broadway Hotel.

"How much do yer figure on th' gate?" asked Sullivan.

"Not less'n fifty thousand dollars. Expenses won't be over ten thousand, so we'll split forty thousand, sure."

"Good," said the other. "I think this better come off in th' sixth. That'll give 'em fightin' enough, and if we carry it for a further distance some o' those wise guys is apt to squeal. I'll go to you fast, keepin' at your head all th' time, and when th' round is pretty near over, I'll cop yer on th' ear with a right swing. You'll see it comin' all right, 'cause I'll start it from me back, and soon as I do, over yer go fer th' count."

"All right," slowly assented O'Brien, "but I don't like it. I never threw a fight in my life. Everybody knows I've been on the level. Why — I'm from Missouri — and you've always had to show me. Now I'm going to lay down and let my friends lose their money. Oh, it makes me feel rotten! If it wasn't that I'm going to quit the game for good," he continued, more to himself, "and settle down with the best little woman in the world, I'd see them all in hell before I'd be such a cur. But, here's something which goes. You're to keep away from my body altogether. I can't even stand a push there. My stomach is all gone, and I'm not going to be injured again like I was in the fight with Ryan. He got to my stomach and I nearly died from a hemor-

rhage. I'll go at your guard all the time, and you lead whenever I set. We'll kid along and they'll fall to it easy enough, but, remember, about my body. Oh, there's one thing more. I've got a man who'll lend on the prospective gate receipts up to forty thousand dollars, and only charge five per cent. I'll borrow this money and our friends ought to get it down on you at no worse than ten to eight. That means over thirty thousand more to split."

After Sullivan had gone, O'Brien mentally calculated he would have for his share about fifty thousand dollars in cash, figuring twenty thousand dollars from bets won with money borrowed on the estimated receipts and fifteen thousand dollars more, which he would win by betting himself on Sullivan. There was no chance for him to lose this money unless he won the fight, or Sullivan dropped dead, and there was no danger of either event occurring. True, it would be a dirty deal, but Mollie and a home could be had in no other way.

It was only a week before the fight now and the money which the two pugilists had put up had forced the betting so that Sullivan was a two to one favorite. Reports from O'Brien's training quarters stated that he was in poor shape, and when it was intimated that he had been seen drinking, the odds went to three to one against him. However, these stories were untrue. O'Brien trained hard, and two days before the fight

he was in superb condition. On this day she made her first visit and watched him at work. She noticed with genuine pleasure his ruddy skin and bright eyes. He was more like the boy she used to know. As she was leaving he drew her aside and said:

"After this fight, Mollie, I shall have something to say to you — will you be glad to see me?"

"Why, of course," she answered after hesitating an instant, "I'll — I'll always be glad to see you," she laughed.

"Then you might kiss me for — good luck," he said unsteadily.

She sobered instantly and placed a hand on his shoulder. "No," she said firmly. "I'll kiss Jimmy Osborne," and drew down his head.

As soon as she reached the city she sought McCraig in his private office. "I've come for a lot of money, Frank," she said.

"What is it now?" he asked immovably.

"I am going to raise fifteen thousand dollars. I can hock my diamonds for five thousand, and I want to borrow ten thousand dollars from you."

"Rather a large sum of money for you, isn't it? What is it for?"

"I — I can't tell you."

"It wouldn't do to let you have so much money without knowing what use you intend to make of it."

"Loan it to me and I'll work next season for nothing."

"Don't make foolish statements."

"See here, I'm in dead earnest. Let me have the money and if I don't pay you back in a week, I'll — I'll marry you." Her face had lost all its color, but she looked him straight in the eye as she added, "I mean it."

Silently he sat down, wrote a check and handed it to her. "It's a bargain," he said.

. . . . . .

Never before had such a crowd filled Madison Square Garden as the one which gathered to see the Sullivan-O'Brien fight. The huge oval below was a seething mass of people, and in the circles above, a dense, coatless mob shrieked, stamped and cat-called unceasingly. Surely the death knell of pugilism was being sounded royally. Betting commissioners were everywhere, but there seemed to be a lull in the gambling. It was four to one on Sullivan, and the betting men halted at this. McCraig sat with a party of friends in a box close to the padded ring.

"What do you think of the price?" he was asked.

"It strikes me as a little peculiar," he answered thoughtfully.

"They are false odds, and it looks like a job. On form alone O'Brien should be a two to one favorite.

The talent are down on Sullivan to a man. Only the reubens are taking the short end."

O'Brien was receiving his final rub down in his dressing-room when Muldoon, one of his seconds, burst in excitedly. "They're beginnin' to talk fake," he said as he nervously wiped his forehead with his sweater. "I hope we kin git away wid dis, de way its framed up, but I am dead leary of it. If we fall down, dere'll be hell to pay."

"Oh, it's going through all right," replied O'Brien impatiently. "It's got to. What is doing outside?" he asked as another second came in.

"Somebody is unloadin' a barrel of sucker money on you," he answered. "Most of it went down at four to one. Sullivan's in the ring," he continued. "Let's get it over with."

O'Brien had faced many large crowds and some of them unfriendly, but never in his life had he beheld such an assemblage as now confronted him. He was startled by the scene, and unconsciously he hesitated, as he wondered what they would do to him if they knew he was going to throw the fight. Nothing but an animated sea of perspiring men and a heavy haze of cigar smoke everywhere. A wild roar went up to the roof as soon as he made his appearance, and this died down to a yell of — was it derision? Mechanically he walked across the ring and shook hands with Sullivan.

"Ah, why don't yer kiss him," came a shout from an upper tier. The cry was taken up and repeated. "Yes, kiss him — kiss him," went around the vast structure and kept rebounding in O'Brien's ears. His face grew suddenly red as he realized they were jeering him, and then deadly white. When Muldoon was tying his gloves, he leaned forward and whispered, "I could beat that Sullivan to-night for a dead certainty if I wanted to."

"Sh —!" said the other. "Be careful."

"The men have agreed to fight until ordered to break by the referee," cried the announcer in conclusion, and then the bell struck.

Both moved forward in a most business-like manner and then danced nimbly away. Sullivan appeared to be in good shape, but O'Brien's condition was marvelous. He side stepped with beautiful grace, feinted like a flash of light — so effectively, in fact, that Sullivan ludicrously ducked three imaginary swings, to the intense delight of the spectators. Four times he easily evaded Sullivan's rushes, then stepping in, landed a left and right to the head with unerring precision and slipped away from his opponent's counter. A great cheer from the crowd fired his brain and stimulated him like wine. He felt that he was again their champion. Sullivan came at him viciously, but he stood still and blocked three swings smilingly. The favorite had

not yet reached his face. Again Sullivan led and they went to a clinch. They slowly let go, stepped back carefully and then Sullivan swung a fearful right-hand blow for O'Brien's stomach. There was a slight, almost imperceptible movement of the latter's body, and — it missed by a hair. The force of the blow turned Sullivan completely around and he lost his balance and fell over, but he jumped up quickly and clinched.

"What did you mean by that?" hissed O'Brien between his teeth.

"Just a bluff," said Sullivan, and the bell sounded.

"Did you see that?" asked O'Brien, as he took his seat.

"I should say yes," replied Muldoon hotly, and he glared across the ring at Sullivan. "It looks like he took a chanst to cross yer."

"He said it was only a bluff."

"He did, hey? Well, he come — near gettin' way wid it. If he reached yer, you'd be out of business now."

The second round was little more than a repetition of the first. Sullivan fought in a sturdy, vicious fashion, and he bored in continually, but his hard swings went around O'Brien's neck, and his straight leads always found a glove waiting. O'Brien's foot work and boxing were simply perfect. He was a typical fighting machine, as he moved forward and backward, now feint-

ing, now sending Sullivan's head rocking with a left jab, now ripping a right to the body, and then easily ducking away from a desperate swing. He was a master toying with his pupil, and it was plain that Sullivan did not relish the situation. There was an ugly scowl on his face and his small eyes glittered dangerously. The pace increased as they continued, and the great crowd was gradually warming to the fever point. It was such a great fight and O'Brien's superiority was so manifest that those who knew about the deal began to wonder if the ex-champion really intended to lay down. In this way they fought the third and fourth rounds. Sullivan was now badly bruised about the face. His swollen countenance showed the effects of O'Brien's steady punishment. O'Brien did not have a mark, and he came dancing out of his corner for the fifth round with a mocking smile on his face.

"I go out in the next, don't I?" he whispered in Sullivan's ear when they clinched. As they broke away and set, Sullivan nodded his head slightly. They indulged in several furious exchanges, which brought the vast audience to its feet with a wild shriek of approval. Again they clinched, and Sullivan whispered hurriedly: "Look — Muldoon is motionin'." When they broke away O'Brien turned his eyes slightly in Muldoon' direction, and as he did so, Sullivan deliberately stepped in and swung a terrible right-hand punch to his body.

Instantly a look of mortal agony spread over O'Brien's face and slowly, like a person stricken with paralysis, his hands fell down, his eyes assumed a glassy stare, blood gushed from his mouth, and then he pitched forward full on his face. The referee stood over him and began to count the seconds monotonously.

"All over!" cried the spectators, as they began to move toward the exits. However, at the count of seven the bell struck and O'Brien's seconds jumped into the ring with a rush and bore him to his corner. His head wabbled from side to side in a sickening way until Muldoon's trembling fingers had placed the ammonia to his nose. This immediately revived him, but he still gasped painfully.

"I'd better chuck in de sponge," cried Muldoon, and then O'Brien realized what had happened.

"Oh, *no, no, NO!*" he wailed pitifully. "He tried to kill me — kill me," he repeated. "Ah!" he moaned, as the blood came and choked him. Muldoon staunched the red stream with a towel, and as soon as O'Brien could get his voice, he whispered hoarsely, "Shoot the dope into my stomach quick — QUICK!"

Obediently Muldoon jabbed the steel point of the syringe into his body, and the quieting morphine took immediate effect. "The dog — he wanted to kill me," said O'Brien, and he looked over at Sullivan with the changeless stare of a madman.

"He's crazy as a loon!" exclaimed Muldoon to the others when the bell clanged and they jumped from the ring. A man stricken unto death had been carried to his corner only a moment before, but he returned a human whirlwind. With an inaticulate cry of rage he rushed at Sullivan, and before the latter could hardly get his hands up, he was knocked flat on his back by a fearful left-hand swing. He sprang up and clinched.

"Hold on, yer fool," he growled as O'Brien punched himself free, and then lifted Sullivan off his feet with a deadly upper cut. Again he grabbed his infuriated antagonist and hissed: "Whatcher mean — yer — lunatic?"

"I mean to murder you," he whispered, as he slugged right and left until Sullivan was again knocked down. The immense audience had gone mad with excitement.

Somebody yelled "O'Brien's giving him the double cross!" and with one accord the mob accepted this as the true solution for O'Brien's complete reversal of form. While Sullivan was taking the count, McCraig leaned over to his companion and said:

"That O'Brien is one fox. After agreeing to let Sullivan win, he bets all his money on himself and then double crosses the 'Kid.'"

Sullivan arose unsteadily with a look of fear in his eyes, and barely had time to clinch O'Brien, who had again rushed at him with the fury of a wild beast. "If

you beat me," he gasped, "we lose everything." But O'Brien was beyond reason now.

"To hell with you — and the money and — everything," he exclaimed with a curse. He jabbed Sullivan on the nose twice with his left, feinted for the same place again, and then let his right go at the body with every ounce of strength he possessed. A deep porcine grunt emanated from Sullivan, as O'Brien's glove seemed to sink completely out of sight into the pit of Sullivan's stomach, and then the latter straightened up with heels together, his mouth opened vacantly, and then — he toppled over backward with a crash, like a fallen monarch of the forest, and lay with his stomach rising and falling in mighty heaves, oblivious to his surroundings — unconscious. O'Brien stood over him, apparently calmly waiting for him to get up, until the referee had counted the fatal ten. Then he placed his glove to his body and zig-zagged to the ropes, which he grasped convulsively. From each side of his mouth a little red rivulet trickled and then he staggered and fell over sideways into the arms of Muldoon.

"O'Brien, the wise one — O'Brien, the fox," was heard on all sides, as the mighty audience passed out of the Garden. "How clever for him to hand out the double cross and cop the coin." But few were aware that this same O'Brien had been hurried to a nearby hotel where two physicians were fighting with all their

skill and striving to stem the crimson tide, which was slowly ebbing his life away. Occasionally his mind cleared, and at such times he would moan, "He meant to kill me — I haven't a cent to my name — but I licked him — anyhow." He had been unconscious for over an hour when his wandering mind returned, and he heard a woman sobbing. His hand slipped feebly down to her hair and rested there.

"Mollie?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered. "What is it, dear?"

"I'm so — so tired."

"I know — I know," she said tenderly, as she put her cheek against his, "but you'll soon be well again, and then a little home for just you and me, with maple trees and a garden, and chickens. Ah, Jim, let's get out of this life. I — I want my husband and —" she hesitated.

"Say it," he demanded feebly.

"Children." She buried her face in the pillow.

A moment later he said wearily, "no use — I'm dead broke."

"Oh, but I have plenty," she cried cheerfully. "Why I'm awfully rich now. I've got sixty thousand dollars."

"What?" he exclaimed with a touch of the old fire in his voice.

"True as gospel! McCraig loaned me fifteen thousand dollars and it went down on you just before the

fight started. My commissioners got as good as four to one with it. Why, I was *sure* you'd win."

"Good God!" he said weakly, and fainted.

That night Jim O'Brien, the pugilist, passed out of this world, but — Jimmy Osborne got well.

A Quitter

A Quitter.

ALTHOUGH but nineteen he was a great "man" at Andover, and when he bade good-by to his famous "prep" school he imagined that the eyes of the athletic world were upon him. In a certain sense this was true. All the larger universities, with one exception, had showered him with attentions, and really, a youngster who stood six feet and three inches high, who weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, and who could sprint a quarter in fifty-five flat, was a football proposition of great prospective value. The institution which was apparently unaware of his athletic ability was a university which owned a huge room fairly bulging with trophies gleaned at the annual athletic harvests. Gerald Wooster could not understand why this particular university ignored him. Then in a feeling of pique he went down and passed his entrance examinations and entered this venerable seat of learning under the elms. He'd show them some football, he would.

For two days he walked up and down the side-lines without being called out, but the third day he was given a chance to show what he could do at centre. His position was guard, but he accepted his allotment gracefully and in the next fifteen minutes clearly demon-

strated that he was of real 'varsity timber. The following day he was called to the 'varsity scrub, and in two days he had so outplayed the man opposite him that he was placed at center on the first eleven. When the coach finally said: "That will do," Wooster had a feeling that he had "made good;" but when the captain came up to him and, after shaking hands, asked: "Are you Wooster from Andover?" and he had nodded his head with a grin, he was almost paralyzed to hear the captain add: "Well, you played pretty rotten football for a man with your reputation."

For two days he played his position as one who felt secure of it, and consequently grew careless. The captain of the team was the quarter-back and he criticised Wooster for his poor passing. Finally in exasperation he exclaimed: "If you do that again I'll make you sorry for it!"

Wooster never knew what possessed him to deliberately make an atrocious pass, but he did. The captain fumbled, but saved the ball by falling on it. The players lined up quickly after the scrimmage and Wooster bent over as usual, ball in hand, ready again to pass it back at the given signal. As he did so he felt the vigorous impact of some hard instrument against that part of his body which afforded the largest and most inviting target. He was about to stand up when another blow of equal force in the same spot prevented him,

and a third blow followed with unabated vigor. While trying to collect his scattered thoughts, his ears were assailed by a tirade of choice expletives, and then came the awful realization that the captain had deliberately degraded him in the eyes of everybody. Why he didn't turn around and smash the captain into an unrecognizable mass he never knew. His ears rang and in his helpless rage it seemed as if he would go insane, but he never moved, unless it be that the tremulous shaking of his moleskin jeans and the football, which fairly quivered under his tense grip, portrayed in a measure the depth of his almost uncontrollable fury. A red mist floated before his vision and for an instant he felt as if he were strangling. It was his first contact with real discipline, but he didn't realize this until later. He heard the signal, saw the movement which told him to pass the ball, in a sort of daze, and the next instant the air was literally full of scrub players. They came together in a struggling, fighting mass, then separated and fell away as though a dynamite charge had gone off in their midst, while out of the seething, human vortex emerged a wild-eyed giant, with one hand firmly grasping the football jacket of a half-back who hugged the ball to his breast tightly; down the field he plunged, dragging the half-back along as if he were an infant, butting men over like a runaway locomotive and leaving them scattered about like a lot of overturned ten-

pins, and never stopping his bull-like rush until he had crossed the goal-line.

The remaining years of his college life were full of the glory which journeys hand in hand with athletic prowess, but none of his muscular accomplishments afforded him as much personal satisfaction as his boxing-bouts. He readily absorbed all the fine points which old "Professor" Cole knew in regard to boxing, and in addition to this he developed a style peculiarly his own and eminently successful withal. His huge bulk and marvelous agility made him comparatively invincible, and this, together with his natural ability to deliver a blow with frightful power, was sufficient to win him the heavyweight championship in his junior year. As a senior he defeated all the boxers at the National A. A. U. meet with such force and despatch that ever since boxing has not been considered a proper event for these historic sports.

When he returned from college his father wished him to enter the casting-shop connected with the mammoth Wooster mills, and ungrudgingly he buckled down to work in earnest. The casting shop of a brass mill is by far the most important department. It is here that the copper and zinc are melted together and cast into brass billets and bars, which are afterward rolled into coils of sheet brass, or long rods, in the main mill. The intense heat and suffocating fumes which arise from

these pots of molten metal make the labor of the casters very hard and extremely dangerous, but Gerald stuck to his task uncomplainingly, and at the end of two years, when he was twenty-five, his father gave him complete control of the casting-shop. It was then that John Wooster decided to take a rest, the very first in his tempestuous and aggressive life. In truth, the hands were not sorry to see him go. He was a hard man, though he believed he was simply just. He had entered the employ of the old company when the brass industry was in its infancy and by his indomitable energy and undaunted courage had gradually forced his way ahead until the concern was his. He lived by fighting, and his competitiors knew how hard he could fight. He placated nobody. If a person opposed him he deliberately crushed him, trampled upon him and continued his way unruffled. Antagonism made him stronger and he prepared for opposition with keen relish. There had never been a strike in his concern. The hands had their grievances, but they were never presented. The men well knew that John Wooster would not consider their complaints for a moment. Didn't he know what they needed better than they did themselves? What he did was right. No question concerning the relative merits, or rights, of capital and labor need be brought up by his employees. He was the life of the great plant — he was a law unto himself.

He was to return in two months, but he had been away only a short time when a paper was handed to Gerald one morning in the office. It was a communication from the Casters' Union, setting forth their alleged grievances, making certain demands and announcing that a committee of three would wait upon him at six o'clock that evening for his final answer. In fifteen minutes he had the committee summoned before him.

"Well?" he demanded. He was white to the lips, but it was not fear which caused his pallor.

"I'm goin' to give it to you straight," said the spokesman. "Ever since your old man left we've been figurin' on this move, and to-day we know just how we stand. If we go out every union man in the mills goes with us, and if you don't agree to what we ask, God only knows when a wheel will turn here again. Anyway, if the casters don't make brass, the mills have got to shut down, and you can't get another caster in the country to take our places. Now, all we ask is to be used white, the same as men in other mills are treated."

"You think you have me at a disadvantage?"

"No — it's simply to our advantage to act at this time. We think you will listen to reason and be fair — your old man wouldn't."

"How much do you average a day in the casting-shop?"

"Eight dollars, but that's got nothin' to do with

it. If we wasn't worth it, we wouldn't get it. Everybody in the casting-shop knows you're on the level, if you ain't bred just right. We believe you'll use us with justice, but the men in the mills say you're a big stuff and that you'll throw us down. Now, this ain't to scare you. It's a matter of principle. Why, I've known you since you was a kid and I'll bet on your being game. Don't think of what the old man would do or care what he'll say when it's done, don't think of the wives and children of the men, but just consider if what we ask is fair."

There was a long pause and then Gerald said thoughtfully: "I'll give you my answer to-morrow noon."

"That's all right. We can wait longer if you say so."

"No — I shall have made up my mind by to-morrow."

When they had gone he took up their communication and went over it carefully. His personal experience in the casting-shop told him that their demands were only such as they were altogether justified in making, and that the granting of their requests could result in no possible harm to the concern. He didn't quite like the way they had gone about the business, but after all, they had a perfect right to ask for what they honestly believed they ought to have. However, the question was one for him to decide and he met it squarely.

He believed the men were nothing but a lot of children — to be thrashed and bullied into submission, or reasoned with and treated fairly. He liked them for their stand and thoroughly appreciated their grievances, but unconsciously he dreaded the wild rage of his father if he should give in to the men. But was he giving in? Was he not rather placing in their hands that which belonged to them by every law of right and fairness?

At noon the next day he met the committee again and offered them a five-year agreement. Practically, it granted all their demands, and it was signed by both parties without delay. This was on Wednesday. On Saturday John Wooster unexpectedly made his appearance at the office and sent for his son.

"Shut the door," said his father curtly, when Gerald appeared.

"Cut your vacation rather short, didn't you?"

"Yes, I thought I'd get back before you gave the works away entirely. Is this true?" he demanded abruptly, and handed Gerald a newspaper-clipping. It was a telegraphic item, stating that a big strike had been averted at the Wooster mills only by the complete submission of the company to the terms of the Casters' Union.

"Well, I am glad to say that we had no strike," he answered.

"H'm — are you? Suppose you describe how you exercised your wonderful diplomatic powers!"

Briefly, Gerald related what had happened.

"And so," said the elder in a voice fairly choking with rage, "you knuckled down to them, did you — eh? For thirty years I've spent the best of my life in building up a great concern by demanding uncompromising obedience to my wishes and to my ideas, and a strict observance of what I deem not only for my own best interests, but for the good of the hands. Then you butt your big frame against it and over it goes." He paused.

"I'm sorry you take this view of it, but it strikes me that the men are worth considering."

"Indeed they are, but I am the one to do the considering. This place is mine and I have always run it to suit myself. It is my capital — my investment. I take the risk. Consider them? They get eight dollars a day for seven hours' work. What more do they want?"

"There were a few comparatively unimportant matters which they desired to see changed, and as by granting their requests we suffered no possible detriment, I fail to see the vital injury."

"No — you can't see that they rode over me — made me do what they wanted. They didn't really desire

anything — they just wanted to put the screws on me, and now they're laughing at John Wooster."

"We are getting out better metal and more of it in the casting-shop since we rearranged matters."

"That only goes to show that something has been wrong in your department and that you didn't know it."

"You mean to be fair in this, don't you, father?" There was a glitter in the son's eyes as he asked the question.

"What have your books taught you about human nature?" the other replied wrathfully. "I've handled the men in these mills for years and never had any trouble. I am the best judge as to what is fair for them and for me."

"Suppose I had decided that their requests were unreasonable. Every union man would have gone out and the plant would have had to be closed."

"Then let it close!"

"Ah, but the women and children — what would become of them?"

"What is that to me?"

"But," said Gerald, rising and towering above his father, "all of their claims were just."

"I don't doubt it," answered his father in a louder voice, and he brought his fist down with a bang, "but they never would have forced me."

"They might have formed into a wild mob and burned the mills to the ground."

"I wish they had — better so than for them to be able to say that John Wooster's son is a quitter."

"Father!" his voice rang out sharply, "you don't believe that they compelled me!"

"I believe — I know that you must have signed that agreement because you were afraid to do anything else. Good God!" he said huskily, dropping his head on his hands, "to think a son of mine should be a coward!"

. . . . . .

Gerald sat on the wooden settee in the public park and gazed moodily across the street at the row of flaring billboards, but his thoughts were afar. It was now three months since that last painful interview with his father. Being in a strange city five hundred miles from home and without employment had its disadvantages. As he thought it all over again he was glad that he had not forgotten himself and retaliated in self-defence when his father had so wrongfully misjudged him. The humiliation of his dismissal was still very bitter, but he accepted the situation with a silence and stoicism which told eloquently that his athletic training had done more for him than mere development of muscles. What hurt him most was that his father could believe him a coward. Of course, after that there had been no alternative but to shift for himself. Now it

was unpleasant to realize that what money he had left would be merely sufficient for the evening meal. Naturally he shrank from interviewing any of his college friends, and as for sending home — that was impossible.

With his eyes still on the billboard he gradually became aware of the fact that a man was industriously at work with a long-handled brush, slapping paste upon a three-sheet stand. He watched the bill-poster indifferently as he placed the top sheet on the board and then brushed it out flat. He read the large letters:

"TO-NIGHT AT MINOR'S THEATRE."

and remembered that he had not entered a playhouse in weeks. He wondered what the announcement would be, and it was with a slightly awakened interest that he read the second sheet:

"JOHN J. RYAN,
CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT OF THE WORLD."

So Ryan was coming! He had always wanted to see Ryan. How decidedly embarrassing it was to be without money! It annoyed him to think that he would be unable to look at the champion. A man who was the very best in his class, even such a class, was always

worth seeing. It meant something to be the greatest fighter among millions of people. He had almost decided to forego his meal and spend the money in satiating his natural desire for an hour with the master pugilist, when the printing on the last sheet riveted his attention:

"WILL GIVE $500 TO ANY MAN
WHO CAN STAND BEFORE HIM FOR
FOUR ROUNDS."

He sat in deep thought for several moments and then arose with a faint smile on his face. Yes, he would do it, and, though it was rather a serious matter, the absurdity of the situation made him laugh.

He would enjoy his evening meal as usual and afterward behold the champion heavyweight.

At seven-thirty that evening, when he had disclosed his determination to the immaculate person in the box-office of Minor's Theatre, he was referred to the stage entrance and there he was introduced to the champion's manager.

"Want to go against the 'champ'?" asked the latter as he critically surveyed Wooster's powerful body.

"I believe you offer five hundred dollars to anybody who can stay four rounds with him," he answered.

"That's right," said the manager, "there's five hun-

dred cold plunks for anybody who's there when the fourth round's over. We've been up against 'bout a hundred, and nobody's been any nearer the money than the second round. What's your name?"

"Mike Mulligan."

"Stop yer kiddin'!"

"Isn't that as good a name as any other?"

"Why, soitainly, soitainly, it's all to th' mustard. Ever done any scrapin'?"

"Not for money."

"Young feller, take a tip from me. Yer look big enough to put Ryan away with a punch, but say — on th' dead — you couldn't land this money if yer had a sledge-hammer. Are yer on?"

"Yes, I understand, but we'll decide that later."

The manager shrugged his shoulders and stuck out his chin.

"All right," he said; "I handed it to yer, anyway. Got any fightin'-clothes?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, come along to th' champ's dressing-room. Guess we can find some togs."

The manager ran briskly upstairs, and meeting a pugnacious-looking individual on the landing he whispered: "This looks like a tough guy, Paddy." Then opening the door of the dressing-room he announced in a loud voice: "Got another stiff for to-night, John."

Gerald entered and beheld a bull-necked person reading a pink newspaper. The champion arose and acknowledged the introduction by extending his hand. He started to squeeze Gerald's hand, but found his own fingers suddenly encompassed in an iron vice. Then he glanced at his manager with a look which plainly meant "he ain't no stiff."

"He ain't got no tights or shoes," explained the manager, whereupon Ryan opened a trunk and found the necessary articles. "I'll take yer to yer dressing-room," said the manager, "an' when yer change yer clothes come back here."

When the manager returned to the champion's dressing-room he said: "Looks as if he could step some, eh? A big gazabo, ain't he?"

"The bigger they are the harder they fall. Are you wise to who he is?"

"Never seen him before."

"Well, we might as well throw a scare into him, anyway. When he comes back we'll work the third degree."

Shortly afterward Wooster knocked and entered. The champion and his manager were having an earnest discussion.

"For th' love of God," said the manager, "don't ever hit another man as hard as yer did him. It ain't no cinch now that he's goin' to live."

"But I tell yer I didn't let it go as hard as I could," insisted the champion.

"It don't make no difference. Now, remember to-night and don't do it — don't do it!"

The manager glanced sideways at Wooster, who had leaned over to tie his shoe and was humming softly to himself.

"How long was that other feller out after yer hit him last night?" the manager continued in a louder voice.

"Oh, about two hours, I guess," said the champion, stretching out his arms and yawning. Wooster began to whistle a popular air. The champion and the manager exchanged glances.

They put on the gloves in the dressing-room and two short-haired men were presented to Gerald as his seconds.

"Any kind of a house?" asked the manager of the call-boy, who was gazing at the champion in wild-eyed wonder.

"Is there?" he replied. "They're hangin' from th' rafters."

As Wooster came down-stairs he saw that no space had been roped off on the stage.

"I should think a man would have a good chance to keep away," he said.

"Nobody ever kept away from Ryan yet," replied

the manager meaningly, and then he walked to the front of the stage.

Wooster heard him announce that Mr. Mike Mulligan would essay to stay four rounds with "the greatest fighter the world has ever seen. The aut'orities of your beautiful city has kindly allowed Mr. Ryan to give this exhibition, but if yer makes any noise, th' show'll be stopped and you'll all get chased out. Applaud with th' hands only, and cut out all tips to th' gentlemen when they're boxin'. Of course, Mr. Ryan will win, but he does it in a humane manner. I now take great pleasure in introducin' Mr. John J. Ryan, the champeen of champeens."

Ryan swaggered forward and after acknowledging the wild yell of admiration, by an airy wave of his gloved hand, as if he were hailing a trolley-car, continued his way across the stage and sat down on a chair, ignoring the frantic yells for a "speech," which assailed his ears from all parts of the theater.

The shrill cat-calls and wild cheers ceased as the manager raised his hand and spoke again: "The man who's goin' to tackle Mr. Ryan is Mr. Michael Mulligan, the champeen of— of— Alaska. Gentlemen, Mr. Mulligan."

Gerald felt a shove from behind, and he stepped out of the wings and sat down in full view of all. A roar of glee arose. He looked toward the spectators,

but the arc of dazzling footlights shut off his vision. The manager called to him, and he rose and walked to the center of the stage where the referee, who was the champion's sparring partner, explained the rules.

Both boxers were beautiful specimens of manhood and apparently of equal weight, although Gerald was slightly the taller. No gladiators ever entered the Roman arena with a more perfect physical development. Ryan's face was that of the typical fighter, heavy-jawed and with the pug nose and "cauliflower" ear of the professional pugilist. What little neck he possessed was bull-like in contour, and his massive shoulders, deep chest and powerful arms supported a mass of bulging muscles fairly terrifying in their latent power. Wooster was built altogether on different lines, albeit his strength was none the less apparent. Instead of the knotted bunches of muscles, there were long layers of cords and sinews which spread gracefully about his arms and body, and sprang into life at the slightest movement of hand or foot.

Each returned to his own side of the stage and then somewhere a bell clanged. Gerald saw the champion rapidly advancing with an ugly scowl on his hard face. He went to meet him.

Ryan feinted swiftly and Gerald pushed up his hand awkwardly to stop the imaginary blow. A shriek of delight swept across the footlights.

"Let him drop in a soft spot, Ryan," came a cry from an upper gallery, which was followed by a shout of laughter. Ryan shot out a hard left, but his easy-looking opponent was not there, and then he sent a right swing to the body, but somehow the other's arm got in the way. He rushed, and curiously found himself tied up in a clinch. This wouldn't do. He feinted again, let his right go swiftly for the head, and — there was his opponent dancing on his toes ten feet away.

"Gettin' fancy, ain't yer?" he sneered. "Why don't yer —" but his remarks were cut short with a straight left flush in the mouth. He countered on the body and swung his right again, but Gerald stepped in and the blow went around his neck harmlessly. They clinched, and the champion pushed him away roughly, missing a left hook as he did so. Both danced about and Ryan rushed viciously, but Gerald slipped by and swung his left to the champion's body. No more derisive laughter came from the crowd. They were clinched when the bell rang.

"I'm a sucker, if I don't t'ink yer got a chanst," said one of his seconds to Gerald as the latter sat down, "but watch out he don't cop yer in dis round."

Ryan started the second round with a rush, fought himself out of a clinch, and then landed a swing on Gerald's forehead which sent him staggering back on his heels. Before he could set himself, Ryan was at

him and had knocked him down with a deadly uppercut on the chin. He took the count of nine, got up and met Ryan's ferocious rush with a straight left which sent the champion's head rocking, and then stepped nimbly out of harm's way. Once more Ryan ran at him, but only to find himself in a clinch. Both punched viciously in the breakaway but missed, then countered heavily and closed in again as the bell sounded. A frantic cheer arose to the roof and the ovation continued without cessation until time was called.

Ryan immediately renewed his bull-dog rushes and Gerald cleverly side-stepped him each time, but whenever he was pressed too hard took refuge in a clinch. So far he had allowed Ryan to force the fight. He knew the money was his if he stayed the four rounds, and he fought craftily, displaying the precision and coolness of an old-time champion. Ryan was furious, and in a clinch he called Gerald a vile name, but the latter only laughed at him. The champion was continually boring in with sledge-hammer blows by this time, and occasionally scoring with force enough to send his younger opponent reeling backward. No matter how hard he worked, though, he was unable to reach the point of the jaw. Finally, in desperation he played his last card — his famous shift. Sweeping his ponderous right over and down with a feint, he stepped in and

swung his left under Gerald's right ear. It was a fearful blow and he dropped to the floor helpless. He barely got up on his feet in time to save himself, but was again sent down with another on the chin. It seemed all over, when suddenly the bell rang and Gerald was assisted to his chair. Before his eyes the stage revolved dizzily and the footlights and scenery seemed jumbled together in a blinding mass. He tried hard to throw off the awful numbness, and his brain was gradually clearing when the bell sounded for the last round. He did not know that the timekeeper had deliberately cut short the minute's rest to thirty seconds in order to keep him helpless and thereby enable Ryan to deliver the finishing blow easily.

He lurched forward unsteadily and blocked three hard swings mechanically. Every second that passed left his mind brighter, yet he could not fight back. His recuperative powers were wonderful, and the audience was now in a continuous and uncontrollable uproar. Suddenly, in a clinch, Ryan turned him around and fought him so fiercely that he retreated until both fighters passed out of sight into the wings, where the manager was standing on a chair. As the panting boxers came nearer he deliberately kicked Gerald.

Instantly before Gerald's eyes floated the same red mist which had arisen when his football captain had humiliated him, but now — now it was the act of a

cowardly mucker! With a curse he swung his arm around backward, realized that he had struck something and heard a crash, then — the champion of the world came suddenly into view of the audience, retreating before an infuriated boxer who had the fierce glare of a madman in his eyes and who was punching "the greatest fighter the world has ever seen" as if he were a tyro.

Ryan slugged back desperately until a frightful right-hand swing caught him full on the jaw, and over backward he toppled with a heavy crash, just as the bell rang.

The curtain slid down, shutting out the deafening shrieks of the spectators, and as Gerald helped Ryan to his feet he saw several people extricating the unconscious manager from beneath his chair and two pieces of scenery.

He was changing his clothes in the dressing-room when the door flew open and — his father stood before him!

"Did — did — did that big beast hurt you, Gerald?" he asked huskily.

His face was pale with anxiety, but as he beheld his son's serene countenance smiling at him he exploded with rage.

"What the devil do you mean, sir, by such a proceeding as this?" he roared, waving his arms threaten-

ingly. The man who had just knocked down the champion of the world retreated.

"Hold on, father," he said, "perhaps *you* might explain your presence here — at a prizefight!"

"Explain — sir — explain!" he fumed, "there's nothing to explain, sir — absolutely nothing. I'm at the National for a few days on a business trip — Charlie Thompson, our general manager, is with me. This evening he went to the theatre, and ten minutes ago he came running to me with the information that you were getting killed by a champion prizefighter. I expected — I expected," and then he paused. As he mentally recalled his first sensation upon hearing the news, his voice broke and his lips trembled. "I thought —you might be injured, but —" again his wrath broke forth, "how dare you cut up like this, eh?"

"You don't seem very glad to——"

"That'll do, sir!" his father broke in, "you put on your clothes and come home. We'll settle this later."

"You might say you're sorry for what you called me that day."

"Sorry — sorry!" he answered with heat. "I'm not sorry, sir, not a bit of it."

"Oh, I say, dad," exclaimed his son as he placed his hands on his father's shoulders and looked down at him affectionately, "you don't want me home — if I'm a quitter!"

"Well — ahem — well — I'm — I'm not going to have a damned prizefighter in my family," he answered forcibly, but his stern face broke into a good-natured smile as the youngster shook him playfully and then gave him a bear-like hug.

Buffalo

"Buffalo"

THE afternoon workout was over. Three sturdy boxers had each punched, clinched and wrestled Manion for five rounds and then the rubbers had slapped, mauled and kneaded him until his bulging muscles fairly pulsated with life. They had stopped only from sheer exhaustion, but the object of their attention, as he lay sprawled upon the broad of his back under an apple tree in the orchard, gave little evidence of having been annoyed by their vigorous attentions.

Jordan sat down with an inexpressibly comfortable feeling and sighed contentedly as his eye wandered across the rich meadow of timothy and clover to the fringe of woods beyond. It was good to live a day like this, amid a silence in the country which only June brings, when perfumes steal from blossoms and every pore of earth, when all waking life seems indistinct, yet without discord when louder — a melody of sound almost unheard and a scene for the eye which no artist will ever reproduce without the touch divine.

A man stood framed in the open doorway of the barn, wiping his perspiring brow freely. Jordan hailed him.

"Come out under this maple, Kelly," he said, "it's a fine spot."

"How do yer think he's doin', Mr. Jordan?" asked Kelly as he threw himself on the grass.

"Quite satisfactorily, I should say. He's a glutton for work, but, do you know, Kelly, I fancy the beggar has not much heart for this sort of thing."

Kelly's shrewd eyes shot a glance at his companion. Then after bending over slowly and plucking a single blade of grass, he eyed it critically and said:

"Yer come near th' bull's-eye, then, Mr. Jordan. Well, I'll tell yer. Manion ain't got much heart in it an' if it wasn't fer th' long green he'd chuck it. It's all on account of that little skirt of his'n."

"I beg your pardon?" said Jordan.

"Why, his old steady — the *girl* he used to have," Kelly explained somewhat impatiently, "an' only that I thought he'd got all over it I'd never advised yer to back him fer five thousand 'gainst a champeen like Sullivan."

"This grows interesting," declared Jordan, "I can't imagine that big chap in a love affair."

"Them's th' kind what gets it worst. They must have it fer breakfast, dinner'n supper, just like the pork which me an' the boys has had th' last three weeks at every meal."

"Why country pork isn't bad," asserted Jordan. "Don't you like it?"

"Ow, wow!" snorted Kelly with a look of ineffable

disgust and scorn. "Why, I've et so much pork I'm 'shamed to look a pig in th' face. Me red hair can't be told from th' bristles on a shoat —. I grunt at me meals an' root th' bedclothes in me sleep. I'd give a hundred dollars fer a plate of 'beef an'' this minute — an' I need th' money at that," he added reflectively. After a moment's pause, during which he spat with unerring precision at a butterfly, he resumed:

"Well,— I took him to South Africa to get rid of it, but say — he was like a home-sick kid fer six months. Then he licked a couple of stiffs which put some blood in his neck an' since then he's been all right until just before we started fer these training quarters, when he saw her one day on Broadway in a whizz cart with Phil Donavan — yer know he's Sullivan's backer now — an' then 'twas all off."

"What kind of a — er — who is the lady, may I ask?" inquired Jordan.

"It's a long story," replied Kelly, "an' if yer don't mind —" Jordan nodded —"I'll take a bite of this plug —'twill punctuate me remarks, anyway."

Kelly munched silently for a moment, glanced toward the still prostrate Manion and began:

"When he was a boy of seventeen he was a stevedore on th' East River pier at th' foot of our street an' near as big as he is now. Lizzie Murphy was a little girl of ten then an' her old man kept a saloon near th'

dock. One day Manion was coming down the gang-plank from a freighter with his dinky two-wheeled truck an' he stopped to watch a couple of ginnies who was mixing it up with bale-hooks. One of th' Dago's broke away an' pickin' up a chunk of coal, took a shot at th' other feller who ducked an' the lump hits Lizzie in th' back. Over she goes, doll an' all, an' then over goes Manion with th' biggest splash ever was seen from one man. Th' gang lassoed Manion an' drawed him up with Lizzie who still held th' doll an'—yer won't believe this—but I hope to go to th' chair if Manion didn't land on th' dock holdin' his truck in th' other hand. When he jumped over th' handle got caught in his overalls an' it went with him."

"He must be wonderfully strong," declared Jordan.

"Strong!" repeated Kelly, "strong? He don't know his own strength. He never did! Why, believe me, at rough an' tumble this feller can just beat any man on earth. If he should start in to do me I wouldn't feel safe 'less I had a cleaver in me hand."

"Well, that was th' beginnin' of it. Lizzie would come down every day an' watch him with shinin' eyes. Then Manion would stick out his chest an' put two hundred pounds more on his truck than any other man could handle, just to hear her say:

"Oh, Maggie, look, quick! Se what an orful big pile that man pushes!"

"In them days Manion was a wild young divil. Not any kind of a crook, you know, but fightin' th' booze now an' then an' even at seventeen, a holy terror with his fists. Every mother's son was scared to death of him 'ceptin' her. After a while she'd hit up his dinner with him, out of th' tin pail, an' purr 'round him like a kitten 'round an English mastiff. Then at night he'd go sit with her in one of th' old man's back rooms an' she'd learn him his letters. In two years he could read an' write, an' say — he was so well house-broken he'd feed out yer hand. Then on Sundays he began to flash a stiff hat an' a white shirt an' collar an'— mind yer! — a red neck-tie, like a mongrel pup with a ribbon on his neck."

"All of a sudden Lizzie's old man lands a Tammany contract an' th' next thing is a governess fer th' other Murphy kids an' a boardin' school fer hers. Then th' old man hired a manager fer his joint an' every day hiked to th' pony tracks with his wad."

"Bime by Manion took the veil. Yes, he was made a boss over a gang on a Brooklyn dock an' he didn't see much of Lizzie fer three years. They'd be away all summer, an' poor Manion would mope 'round like a shanghai rooster with the pip. But he wasn't worried by any one else chasing her. Not on yer life! Why, if any guy made a play fer her 'Bull'— that's what they nicknamed him —

would have et th' face off'n him. He began to get wise that he'd have a tough job in winning out with no bank roll an' havin' an idea he could lick anything what breathed he came to me an' said he was goin' to start in th' scrappin' game. In those days there was plenty of easy coin in preliminary fights an' 'Bull' beat his man in two rounds th' first time out. 'Twasn't long 'fore he had all he could do an' after he got a final bout in Boston an' trimmed th' New England champeen money come fast."

"He's a physical freak, something like a crazy elephant fer strength, an' he's got th' courage of a bull dog, but no head. He can fight 'cause he's got muscle an' good wind an' 'cause wallops in th' jaw don't hurt him, but not 'cause his brain shows him how. If he had a fightin' head he'd be th' only real champeen what ever lived. He'll fight 'till nature goes back on him — nobody can't do no more — an' he'll love that Lizzie Murphy till nature quits him, which'll be when he's dead."

"Well, we made that match with Fitzgibbons an' you backed him. It was at this time that Lizzie Murphy finished her schoolin' an' went to live way up town on Eighteenth street. Then she got wise to him being in th' fightin' biz an'— this is what he told me himself — she cut him into ribbons with her tongue. She wouldn't stan' fer it nohow an' said he'd have to shake

it or her. He said he was goin' to give her as nice a home as he took her from an' he couldn't make good anywhere else outside of scrappin'. She said she was willin' to go through th' world with him barefooted an' homeless, money didn't cut no ice, but her man must earn an honest livin' an' fightin' wasn't. 'Twas brutal an' degradin' an' it made her 'shamed of him. He said he would quit only he'd give his word to you that he'd fight Fitzgibbons, that yer'd put yer money up an' bet on him an' he must do it, but 'twould be his last go. She begged an' pleaded, but he wouldn't budge. Wasn't he th' bloomin' pinhead?"

Jordan was gazing toward the pugilist in the orchard with a peculiar look in his eyes.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered slowly, "but go on with your story."

"Then she called him — a — a — mucker. I don't know what that is. Said he was born one, an' that he'd die one, that she hated th' sight of him an' chased him out th' house. He hunted me right up, told me th' row an' then — then — what do yer 'spose that hundred an' ninety pound calf did, eh? Oh nothin' but faint away — that's all."

"You remember that fight with Fitzgibbons? It was certainly th' rottenst ever, an' we was dead lucky to get a draw. Then we went to South Africa, an' here we are."

"Did the girl marry?" asked Jordan, not without interest.

"No, but they say she's goin' to marry Donavan, an' I shouldn't wonder, 'cause he takes her everywhere an' he's backin' her in all her plays."

"Plays?"

"Didn't yer know that Helen Duval who made a big hit in 'A Jolly Bachelor,' was her? Surest thing you know! Old man Murphy made big money on his contract, but th' ponies got it all at last. Th' only way to beat th' ponies is to let 'em alone. Well, he went broke an' died. Then Lizzie butted into a comic opera chorus, made good an' if she lands Donavan she can wear diamonds as big as eggs."

The fighter was now walking toward them. Jordan admired the set of his massive shoulders and marvelled at the contour of his huge neck. For the first time it struck him that Manion's face really possessed unusual intelligence. It was a good face, lightened by deep set, clear blue eyes and below a jaw of size and apparent strength most remarkable.

"I think I'll take a tramp through the woods, Red," he said to Kelly. "I'll return in time for supper."

"All right," replied his trainer, "but don't drink any water till yer get back."

As he recrossed the turf and vaulted the high fence an automobile came shooting down the road, slowed up

as it neared the house and swerved into the driveway with a sharp turn. A man and woman sat in the tonneau and they stepped down when the driver had descended and opened the door.

"What a nerve!" exclaimed Kelly sharply, under his breath. "That's Lizzie Murphy!"

"How dye do, Kelly?" said Donavan, curtly. Miss Duval and I took a run over from Sullivan's training quarters at Quaker Farms to look about your place. He eyed Jordan for an instant and then both bowed formally. The woman's gaze followed the man walking through the meadow.

"We're through work fer today," said Kelly, "but I'm glad yer came. How about bandages?"

"Let him wear 'em," Donavan answered carelessly, "but no plaster paris," he added warningly.

In the meantime the girl had thrown back the heavy brown veil and still stood looking at the spot where Manion had disappeared in the woods. Jordan was curious to know what manner of girl was this who could so fearlessly enter the enclosure where dwelt the man who probably only needed the opportunity to do her escort serious bodily injury and whose reputed brutal instincts might not even spare her, once his wrath was aroused.

He saw a girl of small figure, almost petite, a face quite colorless, with dark eyes which seemed nearly

lustreless by reason of the glare of many footlights, yet withal made strangely sweet and attractive by an expression of vague melancholy and wistfulness. Her black hair was knotted at the neck in that peculiarly graceful manner so characteristic of stage people and its contrast served but to accentuate the almost deadly pallor of her face and neck. Suddenly she turned more directly toward Jordan and instinctively he bowed.

"Was that Manion?" she asked abruptly, indicating the direction he had gone by a nervous gesture of the hand.

"Yes ma'am. That's — that's him," answered Kelly jerkily.

The hero of a hundred prize rings was plainly rattled but he awoke to the fact that introductions were in order and managed to perform the feat with many gasps and an appearance of approaching apoplexy.

"Has Sullivan agreed to defeat him inside of ten rounds or lose the purse?" she asked of Jordan.

"I believe that is the agreement," he answered. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Do — do women ever see these — these contests?" she inquired of Donavan.

"Not if the management knows it," he replied.

"Are you interested in the game?" questioned Jordan.

She flashed a searching look at him.

"One's ideas change in regard to many matters.

Time and experience teach many things. One can't always choose the best things in life," she said with just a touch of bitterness, "but I must confess — I — I look at boxing somewhat differently than I used to. I should like to attend it. It is Manion's last, win or lose, isn't it?"

"Yep," said Kelly, "that's what 'Bull' says, an' he never broke his word."

"See here, Phil," she demanded in a voice that bespoke determination. "You must arrange for me to see this. I don't care how it's done."

"Oh, all right," he said with an uneasy laugh, "but come on, we've got a good many miles to do before we hit Riverside drive."

"Do you suppose she means that?" asked Jordan as the big machine was lost to view in a cloud of yellow dust.

"Do I? — well, now yer can sleep on that! She'll — be there!" and he emphasized each word by a nod of the head.

Five minutes before it was time for Manion to enter the ring Kelly was giving his protege final instructions.

"Yer want to remember that Sullivan is th' best in his class and yer can't knock him out in a thousand years. Yer haven't got to, anyway. Only stay th' limit an' we'll take th' money home in a wheelbarrow. If yer go wadin' in like a drunken long-shoreman he'll

leg it an' stall yer off till yer fight yerself out an' then he'll just hand yer one on that lantern-jaw o' your'n an' knock yer dead. He's there with th' goods fer he certainly can punch! He expects yer to rush an' slug, but yer goin' to fight him nice an' fancy an' this'll make him do some guessin'. Clinch when yer can an' protect yourself all th' while."

In the champion's dressing-room the trainers were intently listening to Sullivan whose small, cunning eyes glittered malevolently.

"This is a tough guy," he declared, "and I can't beat him till I tire him out. You, Phil,—you keep time fer me and ten seconds before th' rounds are over you say 'Buffalo' so I can hear it. Then I'll rush Manion over to my corner an' kid him there until the bell rings fer time. I sit down in my chair an' he has to walk clear across th' ring to his corner and all th' while I'm gettin' rubbed and restin'. Then when the bell rings again at th' end of th' minute's time between rounds, I don't get up till he's most on top of me. You see, it takes him twenty seconds to walk over and back and this gives me twenty seconds the best of him in ev'ry round. Then s'pose I have him goin' near th' end of a round and yer yell 'Buffalo,' then I know it's only ten seconds to th' end of th' round an' what's th' use of smashin' him then? No use 'cause he may be down fer nine seconds and the bell'll ring and the round

is over. Then he gets a minute's rest and comes up fresh again. No good tryin' to knock him out after yer say 'Buffalo.'"

Betting commissioners were running up and down the aisles, shouting the odds on Sullivan, when Jordan entered the great building and after gazing at the coatless mob through a heavy haze of cigar smoke, followed the usher to his box. As his check was returned it struck him that there was something strangely familiar about the usher's face, but the boy was gone in a flash and he had only time to notice that he was unusually pale and wore a very full yachting cap.

Little time was wasted in preliminaries after the fighters appeared. They met in the middle of the ring with a hearty hand shake, grinned good-naturedly and complimented each other on their appearance. Sullivan's bearing was characteristic of his professional preeminence, yet he noted Manion's tremendous muscles not without concern. Manion's attitude was that of indifference, but he gave keen ear to Kelly's reiterated cautions in regard to not rushing at the champion.

There was a noise not unlike the sound of a crowbar falling on a flag-stone. As if by magic five thousand voices were absolutely stilled and a silence of death ensued. In the white glare of the arc lights two muscular giants moved toward each other with determined faces and cat-like tread. The bell had struck.

Stepping in and out, now sideways, now feinting and retreating, they appeared like two athletes dancing about in harmless sport rather than two men of phenomenal skill and extraordinary power, bent upon beating each other beyond the realm of consciousness.

Sullivan led like a flash of light, but Manion's glove was there. Again did he essay with the same result and then, quickly stepping in, Sullivan upper-cut his right flush to the jaw. Manion laughed and clinched. Soft and low came Donavan's voice:

"Buffalo."

With a rush Sullivan closed in on Manion, who retreated, warding off the other's blows, till they had crossed the ring. Here they feinted for an instant when the bell rang.

The second round was but a repetition of the first. Again a voice said "Buffalo" just before the round closed. In the third round Sullivan started to work faster and he landed several hard blows which staggered Manion. The latter was wholly on the defensive and this plan evidently annoyed the champion. Unquestionably he was Manion's master in points of science. He was cool and crafty and he sent home every blow with telling force and with almost mechanical precision. Could he wear Manion out?

The fourth was still livelier and at times the aggressive fighting brought forth shrill screams of delight

from the excited spectators. Twice Manion jolted Sullivan with swinging lefts, but each time he was heavily countered in return. Sullivan was going at his opponent vindictively when some one said:

"Buffalo."

And again did he rush at his antagonist and force him across the ring to his own corner.

For the first minute in the fifth round Sullivan was at his man continually, rushing with the relentless energy and deadly fierceness of a tiger. The terrible onslaught made Manion weak and unsteady, and when but two of the three minutes in the round had passed the champion landed a frightful right hand swing on the point of Manion's jaw. Manion's hands dropped heavily, his body stiffened and then he fell backwards with a fearful crash. Slowly he crawled to his knees and then to his feet, reeling about helplessly with his hands down. He was at his opponent's mercy. That awful blow on the jaw had jarred his brain and taken the control of his body and muscles beyond his power. However, with jaw set and undaunted eye he glared defiance at his vicious foe, helpless, but not surrendering. Sullivan saw his chance and, measuring the distance mercilessly, prepared to land another crushing blow which would terminate the contest.

"BUFFALO!"

Everybody heard it, but nobody could tell from

whence it came. Sullivan stepped back and looked at Donavan, who was gazing at him in open-mouthed amazement. Manion had managed to put his hands up now and stood stock still, unable to understand the unexpected respite.

"Go on!—Go on!" yelled Sullivan's seconds, making frenzied gestures toward Manion, whose strength was returning every instant. Sullivan saw a mistake had been made and, rushing at Manion, he swung a blow to his head and placed a right arm jolt to his body. Once more did Manion's arms slowly fall and again did Sullivan prepare to put home that deadly swing when, almost in a whisper:

"*Buffalo!*"

Sullivan stepped back with an exclamation of disgust and then suddenly from his corner came frightful curses and imprecations which were hurled at him for not finishing Manion. The situation was bewildering to the puffing fighter and while he hesitated, not knowing just what to do, Manion lurched forward and clinched him, hanging on with mad desperation. They were still grunting and struggling in each other's arms when the bell rang. During the intermission of sixty seconds it was one wild, deafening and uncontrollable roar. Every spectator seemed suddenly crazed.

When the bell struck for the sixth round, out from Manion's corner sprang a man who had thrown caution

into oblivion and scientific boxing along with it. He was a human cyclone, a frantic animal bent upon destruction, and he fought as he used to on the East River pier when his fists were a terror all along the water front and his fighting ability a by-word. He made two ineffectual swings and nearly over-balanced from his efforts. Then he rushed blindly, like a mad bull, and the fury of his plunging attack threw Sullivan over against the taut ropes. The impetus bounded the champion back again and as he shot forward the look of surprise on his face was cut short by a right hand swing fair in the pit of his stomach. He reeled sideways with an agonized gasp and a left swing on the head knocked him flat. He arose unsteadily only to be felled by another fearful swing. He grabbed the ropes and slowly drew himself to his feet. Another blow and the coveted title of champion would be lost forever. Donavan realized this and quickly jumped into the ring between the boxers.

"I claim foul!" he shrieked in a voice which carried above the unearthly din and confusion of the audience. Up went the referee's arms and in the momentary hush which followed he said:

"This fight is forfeited to Manion 'cause Sullivan's second got in th' ring before th' round was over."

Up from the terraces of yellow pine boards sprang a mob of coatless half-maniacs who clawed and cursed in

a frenzied attempt to get down near the ropes, in order to be able to hear Manion say one little word should they not be fortunate enough to shake his hand. In the midst of this shrieking crowd calmly stood the man of the moment, apparently oblivious to it all, hiding his bulging muscles in a dressing-gown. While his jubilant handlers were tying the silken cords Manion looked across the ropes to the main aisle, along which several policemen were now coming, pushing and shoving their way through the struggling horde. In the center of the officers was a young man in the uniform of an usher. Behind stalked one of Sullivan's seconds who, with his hands in the air, continually screamed in his impotent rage:

"He's *got* to be pinched! I seen him! He's de one dat yelled it, damn him!"

The white, frightened face of the usher turned toward Manion and then — the next instant a fighter in a dressing gown had vaulted the ropes with one fearful leap and landed like a human catapault upon the police below. The cordon broke, then fell away like ten pins from the impact of a hard thrown ball, and before the officers could recover from the suddenness and surprise of the attack Manion had stretched Sullivan's second flat on his back in the aisle with a flying punch on the nose, picked up the usher in his arms and made for the nearest dressing-room.

When a flood of tears had somewhat relieved her abject fright, and she had grown a little calmer in his arms, he ventured to speak:

"What made you — you — put on pants?" His face reddened uncomfortably.

She was silent a moment and then when she looked up to him there was the same old alluring witchery in her soft, dark eyes.

"I have a new name for you now," she answered mischievously.

"I hope it's a better one than 'Bull.' What is it?"

"Buffalo!"

Therefore, it is not surprising that Manion, considering it was the first time he had actually heard "Buffalo" spoken that night, was completely mystified and attributed the strange answer to her half-hysterical condition.

The Champion Goes Home

The Champion Goes Home

THE little boy was very lonely. His mother had held him in her arms a long, long time. Even now he could almost feel her trembling fingers in his black curls, and her last words still sounded in his ears — and that was hours ago.

"Mother is all tired out, sonny," she whispered, "and she's going where she won't have to work so hard. She doesn't want to leave her little boy, but she can't help it. You'll be a good boy, won't you, Tommy? Grow up to be a fine, strong man, and — oh, sonny! be more of a man than your father."

The women in the huge tenement block had soothed him as best they could when the men had carried his mother away in the big, black wagon, but now as he sat on the curbstone he began to miss her. Rosalsky had taken the furniture for rent, and another family had moved into the two rooms. He had no home. His only asset was a gold locket which contained his mother's picture. He took it from his pocket and opened it. She must have been an awfully pretty lady then. He dug a grimy fist into one eye to keep back the tears, and scowled at Paddy Sullivan, who sat astride a fire hydrant across the street watching Tommy with evident envy. Paddy never had a death in

his family, and he felt slighted. Tommy pushed his bare feet along the gutter and the mud oozed between his toes with a warm, comfortable feeling. He stole a glance at the boy on the iron perch. Paddy's constant admiration was having its effect. There weren't many eight-year-old boys in the ward as important as he, and —"Hully gee!" he had just thought of the big silver dollar in his pocket which the kind-hearted Mrs. Maher had given him. Why, he was rich! He gave his head a backward jerk and the alert Paddy crossed over in ready response.

"Where'd yer pinch de buck?" asked Paddy in wide-eyed wonderment as he saw the money.

"Oh, no matter," replied Tommy loftily; "it's mine."

"Let's get some papes," cried Paddy, with an eye to business. "We kin make a wad of dough on wuxtras."

Tommy shook his head negatively. His inscrutable face relaxed sufficiently to allow his lips to pucker after the manner of a wise capitalist, and then the healthy animal asserted itself.

"T'ell with that," he said unblushingly; "a plate of 'beef an' 'll do fer mine. Come on!"

Tommy's mother had never been able to make him eschew profanity, but she had eliminated the "dis" and "dat" from his East Side vocabulary. They gorged themselves with "beef an'" and then wandered along the

busy thoroughfare. Paddy stopped before several shop windows where confections and toys were displayed, but his "Oh's" and his "Gee's" were not hints strong enough to make Tommy treat him further. Paddy became suspicious and then disgusted.

"Ain't yer goin' t' blow t' somethin' more?" he finally demanded.

"If you ain't gettin' used right you know what you kin do," replied Tommy, bristling belligerently.

"Ah, ye're a cheap guy, a reg'lar shine," snorted the ungrateful Paddy, and without more ado he turned and left him.

Tommy continued on his way, unruffled and serene. The jingle of the money in his pocket was sweet music to his ears, and his full stomach had reduced him to a state of unalloyed contentment. Why shouldn't he be happy? The warm September sun was everywhere and he needn't go home. Home! And then he realized there was no home for him now—that the one who always called him "sonny" was somewhere in a big, black wagon. He swallowed hard to keep back the tears and spent a nickel for a "hot dog" with the "Guinny" on the corner. The mustard always made one's eyes water and then nobody could say he had been crying—just like a kid.

The brave little chap fought out his hard battle alone, but youth finally triumphed over memory and gradually

he became himself again. He made a flying jump on a rear platform of an uptown surface car with the agility of a monkey, and when the conductor made a move toward him he fooled that official by tendering his fare. He rode until he received his first glimpse of the country; in fact, he rode so far that it was quite dark when he returned to more familiar scenes. He didn't think of the big, black wagon so often now. He could tell it was late by the number of "jags" who lurched by him. They never got drunk early. He was tired and wondered where he could sleep. He knew he could get a bed for ten cents, but then if he sought the lodging-houses the Society agent would take him and keep him locked up until he was a man. Once when he had torn his trousers in a fight with Dinny Cosgrove, and had been afraid to go home, he had slept all night on the shed back of Cassidy's barn. The very place! He sneaked along the alley, climbed on top of the big canvas-covered furniture van, and from there to the shed was an easy matter.

He was bounced up and down rudely several times before he realized that the big iron window-shutter on the barn above the shed was open and that men were jumping out of the window to the shed with flying leaps, then dropping to the yard and disappearing silently in the darkness. The human exodus ceased, and a man appeared at the window and stood looking out. From

behind him streamed a bright light, and in its glare Tommy could see that his hair was red, much redder than "Carrot" Coogan's.

"I'd like to lay me hands on de sucker what made dat phony squeal!" muttered the man. "Nothin' doin', Mike," he called out. "Not a cop around. Why, what th'——?"

He had espied Tommy below him all huddled in a frightened heap. "Watcher doin' here, kid?" he asked not unkindly. "Let's look at yer."

Tommy rose obediently. "I wasn't doin' nothin', mister," said the boy. "The bunch come 'hop-scotchin'' out the winder where I was sleepin'."

"Why didn't yer go home?"

"I ain't got any."

"What!"

"My mother's dead and I ain't got no father."

The man reached down and drew Tommy up beside him.

"Well, yer little piker, I guess 'Red' Kelly kin find a place fer yer," he said, as he smiled down at the boy. The waif had met a friend. Tommy gazed about him in open-mouthed amazement. In the centre of the big loft stood a ring made of ropes, and from above four large lamps shed a bright light on the floor. Around the ring were a lot of chairs and benches, and near the door half a dozen men were congregated. Kelly explained the boy's presence, and then added: "There's

no cops, an' I say let the scrap go on. De gang's gone, but we kin finish it fer de side bet."

Apparently this was agreeable, and Tommy saw two men begin to take off their clothes. Ah, now he knew! It was a prize-fight. Kelly assisted one of the men in putting on the boxing gloves and began to whisper in his ear. Tommy squatted on a bench behind Kelly's corner, and when the latter happened to glance at the boy he was dumfounded by the change in the youngster's appearance. Instead of a child's inscrutable face he beheld the ferocious countenance of a little savage. The boy's eyes had narrowed to two small slits, and his whole expression was one of such supreme pugnacity that the veteran of the ring pondered over it.

Of the fight that followed Tommy afterward retained only a dim recollection; but one thing impressed him strongly. It was the way in which Kelly's man kept after his opponent, and that he never forgot. He saw the blood come in each round, saw them knock each other down frequently and witnessed the men as they silently punched each other about through round after round, but he never tired of the brutal scene.

Once he heard Kelly say to his man, "Thirty-first comin', Jack," and the fighter replied, "I don't care—I kin stay fer a week," and on it went. Soon Kelly's man began to knock the other down more often, and finally he lay still. The man in the ring who wore clothes

raised his arm and lowered it several times over the man who lay on his back. Kelly's man sat on his chair. The man who had waved his arm came over and gave Kelly a roll of money, and then Kelly took him home.

"Red" Kelly never regretted the fact that he gave Tommy Dunnigan a home. He sent him to school until he was fourteen and then began his boxing lessons. Step by step he taught him all he knew, and none knew more about the manly art than Kelly. The boy was a ready pupil and grasped the peculiar science of "hit, stop and get away" with wonderful aptitude. Kelly suffered one disappointment when he was forced to realize that Tommy would always be small. He had hopes that his protege would grow into a lightweight at least; but when Tommy was sixteen years old he barely scaled one hundred pounds.

About this time the Legislature passed a law regulating boxing, and the private prize-fights to a finish were superseded by the limited-round contests, and New York city became the mecca of fighters. "Red" Kelly immediately came into his own and rolled comfortably along on the top wave of pugilistic prosperity. He had a lucrative "stable," but as he himself well expressed the situation, "Tommy is me best meal-ticket."

Tommy punched his way to victory through all the boys in his class, and when he was seventeen years old he wore the gold medal which was emblematic of the A. A. U. bantam-weight championship.

There were boys as clever as he, and some more so, but none of them could equal him in unrelenting aggressiveness. He was at his opponent from the clang of the bell, and never let up until his adversary was badly beaten or knocked out. Oldtimers marveled at his viciousness in the ring, but they never knew of his first lesson in Cassidy's barn.

Tommy made his professional debut and then for a year fought regularly with unqualified success. The managers of the Broadway Athletic Club, before which all of the champions fought, finally offered Kelly a match for him.

He was informed that Willie Herman, the bantam champion, would give Dunnigan a match, provided Kelly would make a side bet of five thousand dollars. Herman had held the championship for several years and was considered invincible. He was making preparations for a trip abroad where he was to meet the English champion, "Kid" Wallace, in an international battle. Kelly was very confident of Tommy's ability to defeat the champion, even allowing for Herman's long and successful ring experience and his age, for he was many years older. However, the money question was a stumbling-block. Kelly would have to find a backer for Tommy. Why not see Mr. Jordan? He was a swell sport, he was, and he might take a chance. Besides, if he lost he'd never miss the money.

III.

Davis flicked the imaginary crumbs from the spotless table linen, carefully placed the amber cordial within easy reach, then struck a match and held it to their fragrant panetelas.

"What shall we do, Ben?" asked Cummings, as he idly watched the discreet Davis moving silently out of hearing.

"I've engaged a box for the Broadway to-night, thinking you might join me there," replied the other.

"What's the play?"

"I mean the Broadway Athletic Club. I have taken a little flyer in Prize Ring 5's. That is to say," he continued, as he noticed Cumming's puzzled expression with a smile, "I'm the unknown backer of Tommy Dunnigan, who fights Willie Herman at the Broadway to-night for the championship, and I had hoped you would care to come along while I watched my investment."

"How came this?" continued Cummings disinterestedly.

"There is a man named 'Red' Kelly whom I know well. You probably remember the red-headed fellow who was connected with my racing stable several years ago. Well, that is he. Prize-fighting demands his at-

tention now, but he is perfectly honest withal. A month ago he came to see me and told me about this Tommy Dunnigan, and I became interested in the little fighter."

"Little?"

"Yes; they box for the bantam championship, which is about one hundred and ten pounds."

"I don't fancy the small fellows," said Cummings indifferently; "the middle-weights are more interesting."

"I can't agree with you. The lighter the weight the less brutal the fight, and there is certainly more action in the bantam weights; but the life of this boy Dunnigan has been especially pathetic." And he related the story of Tommy's bringing-up.

Cummings's cigar had gone out and he sat, as he had during the entire narrative, with his eyes on the speaker but with his thoughts afar. Jordan wondered if he had at last interested Cummings. During the past fifteen years these two middle-aged men had led their solitary lives, meeting occasionally during business hours and often at this exclusive club, but never until to-night had Cummings shown genuine interest in any living thing. Cummings's supreme indifference toward the world in general, his wonderful self-control and his usual impassiveness and imperturbability, which never changed beyond an air of well-bred cynicism, had marked him as a man of coldness and selfish concentration.

"It is mighty tough, Ben, when you think of it," he said thoughtfully. "The world hasn't dealt fairly with that little chap. His short life has been a long fight. He's been cheated out of his school-days, and his best play days, too. No parents," he added reflectively; "no softening influence anywhere; no environment but muckers and brutality; no past and no future but the blood of the prize ring. Perhaps his father may have been at the ringside watching him fight and not known it. And his end—why, it's as sure as the season's—some cheap position in a gambling house or a drunkard in the gutter."

"Well, what's come over you, old man?" inquired Jordan in some surprise. "Your sudden overflow of sentiment barely escapes the maudlin," he added lightly.

"Oh, I guess not," he answered with a queer expression. "However, I want to see this quick asset of yours, and we had better start. Davis," with an almost imperceptible nod to that perfect servant, "my car."

As they rolled downtown in the powerful racing-machine Cummings was strangely talkative and Jordan pondered over the peculiar change in his friend. This he attributed to many things without satisfying himself, and then mentally decided that it would work out its own solution.

Two negroes were fighting a preliminary when they entered their box, but their efforts, while holding the

rapt attention of the great crowd, received no more than an occasional cursory glance from Cummings.

"Do you know, Jordan," he said immovably as the fighters retired temporarily to their respective corners, puffing and heaving from their exertions, "that a fight between negroes appeals to my natural love of a contest about as much as a dog-fight, and if there is anything more brutal and disgusting than a dog-fight I have yet to find it out. How old did you say this boy is?"

"Barely eighteen."

Cummings surveyed the audience critically, and was inwardly amused at the antics of the coatless men on the upper tiers as they occasionally hurled words of advice at the men in the ring or howled with glee when an especially hard blow landed. The private boxes were rapidly filling now with the real devotees of boxing to whom the final bout only appealed. Suddenly one of the fighters slipped to his knee and held up a glove.

"Go on! go on!" yelled his second, but he shook his head and did not move. The referee waved his hand toward the other man and then a perfect fusillade of fierce imprecations assailed the ears of the negro who had refused to continue.

"Oh, you cur! Get out, you yellow dog! Knock de stiff in de head!" was shouted at him; and as he hung his head and walked down the aisle toward his dressing-

room, hisses and derisive cat-calls followed him as long as he remained in sight. He had broken his hand, which the spectators did not know; but perhaps that knowledge would have made no difference.

"Ah, here comes Dunnigan!" exclaimed Jordan, as a great cheer arose. A man with fiery, close-cropped hair was leading a number of seconds, and in the rear came a boy in a dressing-gown who stopped to shake hands many times. The boxer did not come up to the shoulders of his handlers, and among those square-jawed and deep-chested men he looked delicate and sadly out of place. He sat in his chair, his face inscrutable, and the pallor thereon accentuated by his riotous black curls. Jordon noticed that Cummings did not move his eyes from Tommy.

"That boy seems fragile," said Jordan, "and such a nice face, too. Just look at these brutes who are anxiously waiting for the time when he may be covered with blood. Ugh!"

"I have been thinking, Jordan," said Cummings a moment later, "that I have seen that youngster before. There is something very familiar about his face."

"Well, this is quite a coincidence," replied Jordan. "I saw the boy at his training quarters some time ago, and I was also immediately struck with his remarkable resemblance to somebody I could not place."

By this time Herman and his handlers had entered

the ring, and the champion shook hands with Tommy. Kelly recognized Jordan and walked over to his box.

"It's two to one on Herman," said the veteran, "an' it's good bettin' fer yer, Mr. Jordan, if yer care to lay any more."

"Not at that price, thank you," replied Jordan drily. "I don't fancy the short end of anything. Bring over your boy."

Tommy smiled down at them childishly when he was introduced, and when Cummings shook the little fighter's hand he marveled that it should be so small.

"How are you feeling, sonny?" asked Jordan, lacking something better to say.

The boxer shot a searching glance at him as he replied: "What made you call me sonny? Tommy Dunnigan is my name."

"Does it make any difference?"

"Oh, no, sir; but nobody has called me that since my mo—— since I was a kid," he said.

"They don't call boys sonny in your ward," declared Jordan with a laugh.

"I know my name is Dunnigan, but I ain't Irish," he asserted stoutly. "Am I, 'Red'?" he asked, appealing to Kelly; but just then the referee said: "Come, boys, get ready."

Tommy turned and walked to his corner. Kelly also started, but a nod from Cummings stopped him.

"Bring him to my apartments to-morrow, win or lose," said Cummings, and he handed up his card to the surprised trainer.

While the shrill-voiced announcer was shouting the conditions of the match both fighters stood up and threw aside their dressing-gowns. They were of the same height, but here all resemblance ended. Herman was an ideal champion in build—albeit he was of small mold—with his large neck, broad shoulders and layers of muscles upon his back and legs to delight the eye of the sculptor. In direct contrast to this descendant of the tribe of Esau was his opponent, whose hairless skin was as smooth and fair as Carrara marble. There was little or no muscular development to be seen—in a word, he looked boyish and plainly unequal to the task before him. Cummings noticed his own hand on the railing. His fingers were steadily tapping the wood. What had come over him? He was actually trembling. He looked at the boy's innocent face and then placed one hand to his throat. How insufferably hot it was! A feeling of pity swept over him and — c-c-clang! The bell had struck.

The fighters, amid an oppressive silence, moved toward each other like two bantam roosters, and then in the next instant the roped inclosure seemed to the astonished Cummings to be literally full of arms and gloves.

No sooner was he within reach than Tommy went at

his opponent like an infuriated wildcat. Before the champion had time to set himself Tommy was all over him, and when Herman realized the situation he fought back with a vengeance. The great crowd went simply mad with excitement as the human whirlpool in the ring swirled from one side to the other, separated for an instant and then resolved itself into another seething vortex of arms, gloves and legs.

Around the ring they went, slugging each other unceasingly, blow after blow landing with the speed of lightning, and whenever the champion was forced to step back Tommy was at him again, never resting, never discontinuing his cyclonic attack. His blows fell upon the champion like hail, coming from every direction and with a telling force behind them. They were deaf to the frenzied shrieks of the audience and totally unaware of the fact that they were throwing their science and caution to the four winds of heaven. A chance blow, if landed on the right spot, would knock either of them out. The champion finally succeeded in clinching, yet he was in such a dazed condition from the furious onslaught that he dodged and ducked several times, even though Tommy's arms were absolutely motionless.

"What a change in that boy's face!" thought Cummings, as he saw Tommy trying to get free from the champion's hold. His expression of almost childish in-

nocence had changed to one of insane fury—he was a little fighting devil. Just as the referee separated them the bell struck.

Cummings realized, as the fighters went to their corners and the great tension relaxed, how extremely wrought up he had become over the battle.

"It can't last long at that pace," declared Jordan; "another round will finish one or the other. Whew! but did you ever in your life see such a scrap—?" and then he stopped short.

Cummings was gazing over toward Tommy's corner with a face as pale as death.

"Oh, I say, Cummings, what's up?" he asked, laying a hand on the other's knee.

"Nothing," replied Cummings almost roughly, as he roused himself. "I can't get over it," he said vacantly; "I've seen that boy somewhere else."

With the stroke of the gong again did Tommy sail in with unabated strength. However, the experienced champion had gathered himself together and he evaded Tommy's rush by coolly side-stepping. He turned quickly as Tommy again rushed, measuring him with an eye of a hawk and then—Tommy toppled over backward from the force of a right-hand swing which had caught him flush on the jaw. He bounded to his feet like a rubber ball and was at the champion like a flash, forcing him to retreat with an avalanche of stinging

blows. It was jab, jab and swing after swing, upper cut and hook until the champion began to make wild swings in return like a crazy man; but he could not stem the tide. Tommy was playing for Herman's head, and the latter was doing his best to block, when Tommy suddenly shifted and drove his left and right to the champion's stomach. Herman dropped his hands with a look of agony and then grasped Tommy in mad desperation as his vicious antagonist came at him once more. Tommy fought himself free with terrible short-arm blows and again closed in on the champion, beating him back until at times he was himself staggered by the champion's wild swings, but always renewing his attack with the same unceasing vindictiveness. At last the champion was entirely on the defensive.

Cummings and Jordan were on their feet; in fact, every spectator was standing and yelling at the top of his lungs. Suddenly a frightful right-hand swing on the head put the champion down and he arose slowly. Again was he knocked over, and as Tommy stood above him waiting for him to get on his feet something struck his own foot. Looking down he saw it was a sponge. He turned and walked to his corner with the innocent face of a cherub. Tommy was the bantam champion.

He showed no effects from the battle when he appeared the next day with Kelly at Cumming's rooms.

The latter shook hands warmly with Tommy as he asked: "How does it feel to be a champion?"

"All right, sir," he answered; "but I think I'm going to be champion of the world."

"Dat's right," explained Kelly. "Dis mornin' we cabled our forfeit to de National Club of London an' clinched a match wid Wallace. It comes off in two months an' we're going to send de rest of de side bet, four tousand, by Saturday."

Cummings was thoughtful for a moment. "That is very nice," he said; "but I'd like to give Tommy a position here with me. I need a young man to answer the bell, and he'll have a good home. He may go abroad and fight Wallace when the time comes and I'll pay him—oh, I'll use him right. What do you say, Kelly?"

The latter almost gasped with surprise. A real millionaire on Tommy's staff! It was a cinch. What did he say!

"I say he comes here, sure," he answered, with fervor.

"How about you, my boy?" said Cummings, turning to Tommy.

"I should like it, sir," he replied, with a shy smile.

When Jordan dropped in on Cummings shortly afterward he was nonplussed to behold the bantam champion at the door.

"I felt very sorry for the youngster," said Cummings,

in explaining Tommy's presence to him, "and I've concluded to help him along a little. He looks above this fighting game, and besides—I'm somehow greatly attached to him."

"Of course, you're old enough to know your own mind, but you're leaving yourself open to much unkind criticism. A prize-fighter for 'buttons'! It strikes me as being absurd. Why, you know nothing about the boy. He may be a mongrel." He argued the matter strongly with Cummings, but could not move his friend.

Tommy had been there about two weeks when Cummings came to him one evening as the boy stood at the open window looking down on the avenue below. Cummings held something in his hand.

"I picked up this locket in your room this morning," said Cummings. "Whose picture is this?"

"My mother's, sir," answered the boy quietly.

"Indeed! Will you tell me all you remember about her?"

Tommy related briefly everything that his memory recalled of the woman who had always been so good to him. "One thing she said I'll never forget," he concluded, "and that was 'to be more of a man than my father.' And I will."

There were tears in the boy's eyes as he turned and left the room.

"What's up now?" asked Jordan an hour later as

he entered Cumming's library. He had made a hurried response to the latter's urgent telephone message. "Has little Tommy sailed for Europe without telling you of it?" he asked banterinly.

"Tommy isn't going to Europe to fight."

"What!"

Cummings shook his head with decision.

"How foolish!" said Jordan excitedly. "Then the boy will lose the five-thousand-dollar forfeit he has posted."

Cummings stood up. "I don't give a damn if he loses ten times that. I can pay it," he said forcibly. "Why, man, if you knew what I do you wouldn't let him get knocked down once for five thousand dollars."

He sat down and then smiled happily at Jordan, who eyed him in a most perplexed manner.

"Now you'll be glad to know this, Ben, I think. I know to a certainty who Tommy's mother was and who his father is. You knew her well, and you l-liked her. See that locket on the table? It contains his mother's picture. Tommy and I are going out for awhile, but before I return I want you to look at it."

"I am going to take you to call on a nice old lady, Tommy," he said, when they were seated in the big touring car.

They sped around corners and finally glided silently up a broad avenue. Tommy's eyes widened when they

stopped in front of the great stone mansion. They alighted and were going up the steps when Tommy said:

"There goes your choffoor, sir."

"Never mind," replied Cummings.

The massive door was opened by the butler, who started perceptibly when he saw Cummings.

"Have I changed so much?" he asked, with a good-natured smile.

"Quite a bit, sir," replied the old, gray-headed servant. "It's many years since you've come—. Very good, sir," he continued, as Cummings gave him a peculiar look. "I'll send at once, sir."

They seated themselves in the wide hall and Tommy's eyes fell upon the picture of a youth hanging opposite. Why, it looked like—! A gown rustled on the stair and he saw Cummings stand up. A sweet-faced old lady was coming toward them with her eyes shining and hands outstretched.

"I've come home," he said, with a catch in his voice which was strangely like a sob; "I've come home to stay, mother." He put his arm around the boy and drew him close. "And I've brought home your—grandson."

Red Kelly's Revolution

Red Kelly's Revolution

"SAY," questioned "Red" Kelly, pulling his limp straw hat far down over his eyes and blinking at the dazzling sunlight on the plaza, "ain't this th' rottenest country yer ever seen? Say, ain't it, now?"

"Eet ees a countree magneeficent," asserted Manuel proudly.

Red Kelly snorted. "Say," he continued, "I like that. 'S far as I can see, they ain't nothin' here but bum cigarettes 'n green bananas 'n sawed-off gen'rals! An' yer're stuck on it!"

"Eet ees my countree," explained Manuel.

"S'pose that does make some difference," admitted Mr. Kelly, biting reflectively at his cigar. "But yer ain't got no real life here, anyhow. Yer ain't never seen Herald Square after th' theaters, when they's frost in th' air, an' th' girls has on their furs, an' th' gang is makin' fer Kid McCoy's t' git them first hot drinks with spice an' stuff in 'em. Yer ain't never seen more'n a billion electric lights goin' t' onct, an' trolley cars a-bangin', an everybody hustlin'. Yer've just piked 'round down here, an' yer don't know no better. Gawd! Ain't it hot?"

"Eet ees a g-grand countree," persisted Manuel.

"Eet ees a countree glorious!" He swept a brown arm expansively.

"Great, is it?" sneered Mr. Kelly contemptuously. "Say, th' only thing yer've got down here that's out th' feather-weight class is th' national debt."

Manuel airily flicked the ash from his brown paper cigarette.

"Eef you not like heem, why you come, Senor Redda? Eh?"

"Well, now why did I?" mused Mr. Kelly, fanning himself with the big straw.

A bugle blared. Into the plaza galloped a score of small brown men in gaudy red and green uniforms, mounted upon undersized horses which squealed shrilly and shot out their heels as the riders drove home the heavy Spanish spurs.

Behind them rumbled a gorgeous state calash within which sat another little brown man with a pointed black beard.

Beside him sat a woman, tall, fair, brilliant of coloring, and splendid of raiment. Her hair was bright yellow, glowing above her gown, whose snowy simplicity yet spoke of much handiwork and studious plan in its arrangement.

A slumbering peon woke suddenly into action and threw his conical head-covering into the air. The proprietor of the wine shop charged past them and cheered.

The woman nodded pertly.

Red Kelly jerked a stubby thumb toward the cavalcade.

"That's why I come," he said.

Manuel Moreira raised his penciled eyebrows.

"El Presidente!" he ejaculated.

Mr. Kelly snorted again.

"Nit," he answered scornfully. "Th' goil."

Manuel looked up in amaze.

"Eet ees madame! You come because madame—. Ah, yes, yes! Madame ees Americano."

"Americano nothin'!" growled Mr. Kelly in digust. "Irish; pure Irish."

He rolled his cigar between his lips and gazed at the broad, firm shoulders of the woman in the disappearing calash. "Seems 's if even a dago could see that," he grumbled.

Manuel Moreira still wondered.

"But, Senor Redda —," he began.

"Cut it out!" commanded the other. "Say, yer're a wise guy fer a cigar-box picture; yer're 'most white, I guess, an' I don't mind puttin' yer next. She's Violet Dudley. See? Violet Dudley, that was born Finnegan over in Cherry Street an' grew up to do a turn in th' Casino an' all them girly-girly shows. Say, yer oughter see her do them dances —— Tumty, tum — kick — like this. Well, she has a run with all them Johnny

boys, an' bimeby this chap comes t' N' York, an' she gives him a whirl fer his money, an' he wants ter marry her, an'— well, he's a president, yer see, an' she likes plenty doin', an — here she is."

"All thees I know," said Manuel, nodding sagely. "All thees all man know. We know madame ees the grande Americano actress, and El Presidente Ugarte marry her in Nueva York; but eet ees — why ees eet you came? I not understand, senor."

"Takes a dago ter be thick," commented Mr. Kelly wearily. "Well, y' see, Manuel, I'm stuck on her. I've always been stuck on her."

"Stook — on — her?"

"Yaas, stuck! Love! Savvy that?"

"Ah! Amor!"

"I guess so. Yer've hit it. I was stuck on her when she was jest standin' 'round in yeller tights at th' Dewey, an' I was sweepin' out mornin's in Riordan's. An' I was a lot more stuck on her when she moved uptown an' began to wear glad rags and ride in whiz carts."

"Ah! You lak marry? Yes?"

"Um-m-m, well, would I? But she couldn't see it. Not on yer life! 'Twas th' Arctic eye-wash fer me always. I'm only one of th' guys that sees her from th' front of th' house. She couldn't cop me down where I was cleanin' out in Riordan's, an' there was nothin'

doin' even when I started scrappin' an' won the champeenship. I'm a scrapper, y' know. I'm the champeen light-weight — but I s'pose yer ain't even wise to that down here yet."

"Scrappa?"

"Yaas, scrapper."

Mr. Kelly contorted his features into a glare of pugnacity, guarded the same with a left arm, and lunged viciously into the humid atmosphere with his right.

"Ah, ha! The senor is a fighter — Americano fighter!"

"You bet! Boss fighter, but don't butt in. She was th' only skirt I ever wanted, an' I missed her a lot when she lit out with his whiskers. Ever feel that way, Shorty?"

Manuel nodded violently.

"Well, a while ago I fights this dub, Baltimore Billy O'Hara — an' say, he's a pin-head! He keeps comin' fast when he oughter stayed shy, an' finally I had ter hand him a hot one, an' I slammed him so hard I cracked his coco —."

"The senor cracked his cocoa?"

Mr. Kelly thumped his knuckles against his round skull, and regarded his interlocutor gravely. "Busted his nut! See?" he explained.

"Ah-h-h!" gasped Manuel sharply, drawing in his breath.

"Well, of course 'twas up t' me to git out 'f th' country till I seen how bad he was hurt, 'less'n I wanted t' stay in th' Tombs, so I takes it into me noddle I'd like t' see how Nellie Finnegan — that's Violet Dudley, see?— is comin' on in Dagoville, an' th' fruit company's boat is handy — an' I comes along."

Mr. Kelly blew forth a cloud of smoke, and sighed heavily.

"An' at that," he concluded, as he mopped his perspiring brow, "I oughter be at good old Sheepshead this minute with a fat bank-roll in me jeans."

Manuel laid a brown palm, trembling with intensity, upon the championship knee. His beady black eyes softened in sympathy as he peered inquiringly at the heavily lined Kelly features.

"And madame?" he questioned eagerly. "You loove madame?"

"I'm a-broilin' myself jest to look at her," growled Kelly testily. "Say, bein' in these hot joints makes a feller talk, don't it?"

"And El Presidente — you loove him, too? Eh?"

Red Kelly squarely faced the little man at his side. "Say," he said angrily, "I'm likely t' be jest stuck on a haf a stick o' chocolate with spinage on its chin that's got me goil, ain't I? Say, Shorty, I like yer 'cause yer can take a fall outer th' United States languidge, an' 'cause yer put me next to th' only beer in th' crib.

But don't get a hunch I'm clean daffy jest 'cause I come t' this sweat-box when there was other places t' go to. Me stuck on him? Aw, ferget it," counseled Red Kelly.

Much of the detail in Mr. Kelly's address remained incomprehensible to Manuel Moreira. The general sentiment of its delivery was, however, unmistakable.

Mr. Kelly's countenance had arranged itself in much the same fashion as that noted at the time of the misfortune to the cranium of Baltimore Billy O'Hara. In the main, Manuel Moreira understood. He leaned forward.

"You lak cut hees heart out?" he whispered fiercely.

"I'd like t' bust his slats," responded Mr. Kelly with enthusiasm.

Again there was no mistaking the hearty sentiment of the speaker. Manuel seized Red by the arm.

"You are my brothaire!" he hissed. "You are of the hell tyrants! You are of the Revolution! You are for the fight glorious! Ah-h-h, by brothaire! To the beer!"

"Well, count me in on that," assented Mr. Kelly.

Manuel hurried him down the simmering sunny side of the plaza. Past the evil-smelling hotel they hastened, past the ink-spotted office of the fruit company, where a lone perspiring clerk rested his cheek on the cool, white page of the ledger, pausing not until they entered

the dingy store of Antonio Perez, within which Mr. Kelly knew from joyful experience was sometimes to be obtained beer — beer that was warm and lacked something of its crystal sparkle, but none the less bitter, malty beer — which clashed in tingling strength against his parched palate and brought before his closing eyes alluring visions of cool, towering breweries.

The fat Antonio opened his pig-like eyes in apprehension.

"Amigo — brave amigo," assured Manuel, raising his hand.

"Yer was mentionin' that beer," suggested the somewhat troubled Mr. Kelly.

"Ah!" cried Manuel. "Yes, yes! First the beer, Antonio — the beer for the Senor Redda, the brave Americano fighter."

"Say," said Mr. Kelly admiringly, "that little cuss 's onto what's doin' in civilization. after all. He's warmin' up all right since he got wise t' me."

Antonio, slowly rummaging in the accumulation of broken boxes and queer straw packages at the rear, produced a single bottle of sickly amber fluid.

"Eet ees not that I have the podesta," he explained, "yet for the Americanos of the banana sheeps —."

"Here's lookin' at yer," vouchsafed Mr. Kelly as he raised the dusty bottle to his lips. "Um-m-m — welcome, little stranger —. Say, m' friend, if yer'd

have th' wagon drop yer a cake o' ice in th' mornin' you'd——."

Manuel pulled his arm.

"The general waits," he whispered; "the general and the hearts brava ——."

"Eh?" queried Mr. Kelly.

"The general," repeated Manuel in tones of awe.

"What general?"

"The g-great general — the General Aznar — the general of the revolution. Come."

"Say," questioned Mr. Kelly sharply, "what are yer handin' me now?"

But Manuel, aided by the apprehensive Antonio, pushed him toward the rear, the while glancing furtively toward the baking plaza. A door in the dingy partition of once whitened stone opened at the rap, and the wondering Kelly found himself propelled into the chamber beyond.

He blinked in the semi-darkness, spat viciously, and put up his guard as a fat little man with ferocious mustachios rose with great suddenness from his seat by a table and thrust his hand in his breast.

"Wotin 'ell ——" began Mr. Kelly.

"Caramba!" snarled the fat little man.

Mr. Kelly noted that he wore a broad sash of crimson and that the top of his head was of exceeding shiny baldness.

"Amigo!" whispered Manuel breathlessly, projecting himself to the front. "For the cause!"

The fat man slowly withdrew his hand from his breast. Then he bowed deferentially.

"The Americano man-fighter," went on Manuel hurriedly. "He ees that which you have belief, my general. He ees of us. He loove the revolution, he loove us, he loove Cascillia——"

Mr. Kelly sniffed. The little fat man shot his hand to his pocket.

"He loove the lady of El Presidente——"

The general's look of fierceness softened. His hand dropped again.

"He say he want to keel El Presidente——"

"See here——" began Mr. Kelly.

The general interrupted.

"Have not the fear, my fren," he urged graciously, his pudgy face wrinkling in a smile of warm hospitality. "Eet ees quite safe. All we are of the revolution. Eet ees I who understand. You are the great Americano fighter. I have hear. The banana man tell me. All the Americanos loove the leeberty. You are for the leeberty. That is why Manuel have been your fren these days, to learn, and now have brought you here."

"Well, I'll de damned," said Mr. Kelly with conviction.

Despite the unanimous chattering of a half-dozen excitable small heroes, Mr. Kelly, albeit greatly confused, learned much within the next half hour. He learned that a revolution to place General Aznar in power and overthrow El Presidente Ugarte was ardently desired by all men, although but six sat in the present council, and that the great moment was at hand.

Moreover, it was revealed, and this interested him to no small extent, that the fruit company, through its agent, big, lazy Knapp, who smoked long cigars in his hacienda the whole day through, had signified its approval of the new movement and had expressed its willingness to aid, provided such willingness took no form to bring it into disfavor with the government, which occasionally sent a white man-of-war to argue the cause of its citizens when the banana-gathering industry was threatened with interruption by armed political disputes.

He saw, too, a great light, when it was furthermore explained that Knapp, a gentleman whose visits to the States seemed to have been marked by careful attention to athletic contests then in progress, knew him, at least by reputation, respected his prowess, and had strongly counseled his enlistment as a valuable adjunct to the revolution.

"The Senor Knapp, he say you brave fighter," ex-

plained the general. "He say you look for trooble alway."

"He say you uppercoot tyrants till he not know heemself," echoed Manuel. "Hell with tyrants!"

"Eet ees because all these and because you hate El Presidente peeg we welcome you," continued the general grandly. "You are brothaire of the free Cascillia! The hooray!"

"'Tain't a bad game," mused Red Kelly, smelling suspiciously at the aguardiente in his hand. "An' 'twould be great stuff fer a press agent if I pulled off a revolution down here."

"And madame," persisted the general, "madame, whom you loove — she mooch hate el peeg Ugarte, who do her most shameful oppress. She bless you when you help to safe."

"What's that?" growled Mr. Kelly. "Don't that yeller slob use her right?"

The fighter's jaw stuck out belligerently.

"He beat her," broke in Manuel, gesticulating excitedly. "With beeg cloob he beat her. We ourselves have see."

"Yes, we have see," corroborated the general, shaking his bald head sorrowfully. "She ees beautiful senora."

"Yer handin' me this straight?" questioned Mr. Kelly hoarsely.

"Dios!" cried Manuel. "Eet ees true."

"Bleeds my heart," said the general solemnly.

"Then," said Mr. Kelly, with decision, "I'll sign fer this match, an' give 'way big weight, too. This sweet-scented geranyum of a Cascillia is goin' ter be put on th' bum fer fair, an' Mr. Ugarte's goin' ter git a little more than his. I'm a-waitin' fer th' bell. Shake!"

The fat general did not shake. Instead, he projected himself against Mr. Kelly's chest and twined his arm about the bull-like neck. Manuel smote the broad shoulders again and again as he danced about in ecstasy, and the remaining four formed a human pyramid as they fell into one another's embrace.

The situation, it transpired in the course of the subsequent rapid conversation, was somewhat involved. Of the success of the revolution there was no doubt, since that part of the army within reach of the capital was already pledged to the fortunes of its favorite general, and those of the populace not actively participating in the movement for reform could be relied upon to manifest no open opposition to the wishes of their armed guardians.

The storming of the palace, with only a few absurdly loyal life-guards to object, would be ridiculously simple.

There were, however, one or two small details which required courage and skill in their proper performance.

Hence there appeared the golden opportunity for the exercise of prowess by Mr. Kelly.

President Ugarte, it seemed, was not without suspicion of the sword which hung over him. There was reason to believe that Ugarte had abandoned hope of preventing the great popular overthrow, that his ambition had degenerated into gross sordidness, and that his highest aim at present was to escape to another land with the major portion of the national funds.

The blood of the general, so he stated, boiled at this perfidy.

Mr. Kelly was conscious of his own indignation.

Obviously, such baseness must be thwarted.

"Worse'n Albany graft," growled Mr. Kelly, whose metropolitan training had taught him things political, "An' he clubs her!"

Realizing the condition, it became evident that the great stroke must be delivered at once. The week was to see the end.

In these days the President never left the palace after nightfall. Neither did he entertain in the evening, since it is unwise for an official who suspects public dissatisfaction to forget his vigilance in pleasant social dalliance.

The attack, then, must be at night, when El Presidente and madame sat quietly in their private apartment in the second story.

Ordinarily the chief executive of Cascillia would take the evening air on the stone balcony at the front of the building, but of late this custom had found disfavor.

A despised official should not unnecessarily expose himself to the baneful influences of a tropical night — particularly against a white background.

Surely, then the hated Ugarte and madame would be within the suite at the rear when General Aznar, with his gallant followers at his back, charged up the broad stairway.

The palace guard would be very small. The main force would be sent to the barracks before its night relief arrived, and Da Gama, with a second division of the revolution, would attend carefully to the barracks.

Assuredly all would be well at the front, but the danger lurked in the rear. It was quite possible that the craven Ugarte might seek to save his wretched self in flight when righteous vengeance battered at his door. More than that, it was possible that one of his baseness might seek to bear with him the funds believed already to have been converted into negotiable values and to be concealed within the private quarters of El Presidente.

For the honor and safety of the republic this must be prevented. It was obvious that the valiant Senor

Americano had been sent to serve the sovereign people in this crisis. He should steal up the secret stairway in the rear, take station by the panel door, and, when the terrified Ugarte threw it open to fly with his ill-gotten wealth, he should confront him, grapple with him, kill him if necessary, but in any case hold him until the patriots of Cascillia should force the barrier. Then — the judgment of the people for the traitor and the rescued madame for the arms of her deliverer.

These things Red Kelly heard between swallows at a second bottle of the sickly amber fluid brought silently by Antonio.

His blue eyes sparkled.

"Yer may be framin' it up all right," he acquiesced, "an' I ain't sayin' I wouldn't like a little private scrap with his whiskers. But talkin' straight biz, what's th' sense of me moseyin' up to him all alone?"

The general's swarthy smile had in it both sadness and indulgence.

"Ah, mi amigo," he murmured. "You not understan'. No, you are Americano, and los Americanos are mooch of the honor. They not understan' my poor people. Leesten! The man who go oop the secret way — he moos be my troo fren. He moos be of the very great honor, else all ees los' to my countree.

"I send many soldados oop the stairs. Yes? They will — what you say — do the job with Ugarte. Yes?

But they see the mooch monaie which ees Cascillia's. Yes? They will see and mooch they will want. Yes?

"The tyrant, my poor camarados, he has not for long pay — an' they will take all thees monaie wheech ees Cascillia's, and wheech I will use for Cascillia. Alas! my poor camarados who have suffer mooch, and who not know the great need for monaie of their countree. They see an' the new Cascillia would then get not one small seelver coin."

The general's eyes filled with patriotic tears at the shame of his countrymen.

"But you," he cried, "you are the brave hombre of honor; you will not care for the oro. You are the Americano who are the George Washington of Cascillia. You have Ugarte. He shall be yours. Yes, you shall do to heem what you please."

"Ah-h-h, cr-crack the cocoa!" hissed Manuel.

"An' then," continued the general, "you shall the monaie take about you an' blow thees seelver wheestle for the army to come. Not teel you wheestle shall the door to El Presidente's chamber be broke. I, General Aznar, will command eet. Then, my brave fren, we have Ugarte, and we have the monaie wheech you geeve me for Cascillia, and no one know."

"Ow, wow! says the fox," commented Mr. Kelly, not without admiration.

"For thees gran' services to Cascillia," added the

general diplomatically, "you shall have mooch of monaie, which otherwise my poor camarados would geeve to the aguardiente."

Mr. Kelly bowed.

"An' more, my fren," said the general very softly, "I no can tell the secreet of the stair to many. Only you shall know, an' you are the great Americano fighter who shall free Cascillia and go back to rule your gran' countree. The Senor Knapp here say so. Senor Redda, I salute you."

The general threw his chest out like a pouter pigeon and brought his hand to his round, bald head.

"It's a damn funny game," pondered Red Kelly, "an' they get quick action down here. Say, are yer sure that sucker is maulin' her?"

"He strike her before men," raged the general. "I have see."

"I think he lak kill her," wailed Manuel mournfully.

Mr. Kelly was silent a moment.

"You're on," he announced tersely. "Show 'em to *me*."

Before the week ended Mr. Kelly had met most of the revolutionary army of Cascillia. Much of it he viewed informally as it loaded great green bunches of bananas on the lighters going out to the white steamers in the bay; other portions, for the most part equipped with titles, were brought before him in the back cham-

ber of Antonio's establishment, and still others he inspected in the cellar of a big stone building where the rifles brought from the States in the fruit company's boats were yet lying in the cases.

It was the general who, in the dead stillness of the tropical night, rowed him with his own fat hands out into the harbor and up the estuary to the entrance of the secret passage, by means of which he was to participate in the manufacture of Cascillian history.

It was little more than a hole in the shelving bank, this entrance to the passage, so well screened by the dense foliage that one might spend months vainly in search of it. It ran back at a slight incline, the general explained, until one came to a flight of stone steps leading up between the walls until they stopped at the panel in the second story of the palace.

"El Mocho the Great, he make the passage when he build the palace," explained the general softly, pointing at the low-lying building which loomed up vaguely in the moonlight. "He have been in Yurrope, and he learn. He show eet me when thees peeg Ugarte start hees revolution. But El Mocho not get away. No; hees own soldados, they shoot heem in the palace stair. He not coom when I wait here with the boat. An' Ugarte, he not get away, too? Ah, El Redda will meet heem!" The general showed his white teeth in the laugh.

Red Kelly drank deeply on the day of the great night. He drank the warm beer of Antonio and the effeminate Scotch-and-soda of the bland Knapp. He even swallowed the fiery aguardiente of Manuel.

The lady of El Presidente dashed through the plaza, white of face, and with hard lines showing about her set lips as she leaned back in the calash.

Red Kelly saw her, and knew a mighty yearning.

He drank again. "Here's to you and for you, Nellie Finnegan," he said, "yer're mine, 'cause I seen yer first."

At twilight came the general, bearing many long cigars and a revolver richly mounted in silver. He viewed the potations of Cascillia's savior with alarm, and remonstrated. But Red Kelly had seen the pale face and the frightened, defiant eyes of madame.

His square jaw protruded, and his eyes narrowed as he pushed the glittering revolver into his hip pocket.

"Get out o' this an' stop yer yap," he growled. "When th' clock strikes ten I'll be there — an' I won't be needin' no gun to finish that stiff."

"Leave him alone," advised Knapp testily. "He can give your whole bunch cards and spades when it comes to murdering."

"But the monaie of Cascillia ——" began the general.

"Yer dough'll be there, too," snapped Kelly. "I ain't never double-crossed any one yet."

An hour later Mr. Kelly and the languid Knapp trudged to the boat at the harbor front.

"Here's where I drop out," laughed Knapp easily. "You fellows run the show from now on. You won't have any trouble, but if you should I'll be out on the company's steamer yonder. If I were you, Kelly, I would make sure to finish Ugarte. He'd like to get aboard that British tramp lying there, but he's a lot better dead than he is living — and he is a wife-beater, you know."

Kelly glared dangerously as he tore at the painter.

"S' help me," he answered, "if there is a whole bone left in him when I get though, they c'n hang me higher'n a kite fer Billy O'Hara."

His oars bit deep in the still, black water as he forced his boat forward.

The music from the President's band, playing in the plaza, floated faintly out over the starlit bay. They were playing the dashing music which always marked her stage entry at the Casino.

His heavy face grew gnarled and seamy, but the deadly coolness which had made his prize ring career the talk of the continent had returned to him when he grounded his boat by the passage entrance.

He lighted his bull's-eye lantern, swept away the heavy, rustling foliage, and stepped inside.

The air was heavy and damp and smelled of the crumbling, moldy bricks on its sides.

At the steps he paused, then mounted them. He listened, threw back his shoulders, and squared himself before the panel.

"Now, damn him!" he breathed.

He could hear quite plainly the movement and conversation in the room, the tinkle of glasses, the slow tread of a servant, and the shrill, rasping tones of Ugarte's faultless English.

"You will obey me," he was saying; "you are my wife. You will do as I command. When we are free of this accursed Cascilla ——"

"Jose"— it was the deep contralto, almost mannish tone, which had set all Broadway talking of its new light opera queen —"you sha'n't do it. You sha'n't jail him and kill him in your dirty Spanish way. I tell you, he's an American — an American boxer. That means a better man than all your bragging, chicken-fighting bull-stabbers. He's a good fellow — at least, he used to be. He won't do any harm. If you don't promise to let him alone, I'll — tip him off myself."

"He is here for my peril," insisted Ugarte. "I have had him watched. He talks too much with that dog

Aznar. He shall be arrested. He shall go to the quartel. Then — well, he will not talk so much."

He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"You sha'n't. I'll tell him!"

Ugarte's sneer was biting.

"Perhaps madame will see the inside of the quartel herself," he said. "I have sent women there before."

Red Kelly straightened his hulking form within the narrow limits of the passage.

His upper lip curled in ugly fashion.

Far away a bell tolled faintly.

"Jose," said the woman's voice fiercely.

Suddenly came a resounding, echoing crash below, shouts, the scattered crackle of rifle fire, a hoarse yell, the wild shriek of a woman, and Ugarte's curse as he leaped from his chair. A door banged and then came hurried footsteps.

The woman shrieked again. Ugarte's voice cried out from the other end of the room.

From beyond came more firing, wild yells and the roar of many voices. Ugarte was close now.

"This way!" he cried. "Quick! Quick! The only way — the passage!"

The panel flew open, and the President of Cascillia — stopped short. His head rocked, and then he fell back unconscious.

Red Kelly had reached the point of his jaw with a short arm swing.

The woman stood near the wall, leaning against it weakly. Kelly followed the movement of her eyes to the other side of the room, where a gigantic negro stood glaring at him. It was Ugarte's personal attendant, whom he had entirely forgotten.

The next instant the black giant had drawn an ugly knife and was at him.

Kelly sprang back nimbly, and barely escaped the vicious lunge. He forgot the revolver in his pocket, and measured his opponent with the keen, calculating eye of a hundred prize rings. Backward and forward he danced, hands up, feinting and side-stepping gracefully, yet the negro kept closing in on him. Suddenly the latter sprang forward and drove the knife at Kelly with a frightful sweep. It cut the air with a deadly swish, and Kelly — ducked with a wheezing grunt. How it missed the fighter never knew, but it did, and the big black man overbalanced from the effort and lunged forward.

As he did so, Kelly let an awful right-hand swing go at his jaw. Never in his life had he put so much power in a blow and never had he measured the distance as carefully, but it landed high, full on the left temple. The negro straightened up, wheeled half around and fell over with a crash.

Kelly heard the woman gasp, and became conscious of an excruciating pain in his right wrist. Later he learned the bones had shattered like pipe stems.

Ugarte sat up, and with a cry of rage the fighter literally threw himself upon him. He had a mad desire to choke his life out, but as his left hand sought the President's throat something crashed against Kelly's skull, and he plunged forward across the President's body. The woman stood over him, her eyes blazing, the shattered decanter with which she had attacked him still in her hand.

"Stop! Don't!" she shrieked. "You sha'n't kill my husband — and you, Denny Kelly? Oh, save him! Save him!"

Kelly looked up dazedly.

"What?" he gasped.

The woman sank to her knees.

"Jose," she wailed; "Jose!" and sheltered the dark head with her body. "Help me, Denny," she begged frantically. "Do you hear me, Denny Kelly? Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

Kelly scrambled to his feet, wild eyed and breathless.

"You want him, Nellie?" he choked. "You want *that?*"—pointing to her husband incredulously.

"My Jose," she sobbed.

Aznar's rabble were yelping without. They were

driving the terrorized lifeguards up the broad palace staircase.

Kelly wheeled and dragged the South American to his feet.

"Then git down that passage f'r yer lives," he roared. "Boat at th' end — British tramp in th' bay. Chase yerselves."

The President pointed at a leathern packet on the floor. "Your price," he said acidly. "Two hundred thousand of your dollars. The funds of Cascillia."

Red Kelly seized the packet eagerly and then — thrust it into the brown man's hand.

"Buy things for Nellie in Paris," he said. "Now hustle. I'll be right behind yer."

The President stepped through the panel. The woman turned.

"God bless you, Denny," she whispered, and pressed her lips to his roughened forehead. "If you ever go broke, I'll stake you."

Kelly wavered for an instant and then drew his arm across his eyes.

"Come, Red, be a game sport," he muttered. He entered the passage and turned. "If that Ginny is waitin' fer me to blow th' whistle, he'll have a damn long wait," he said.

An hour later he stood beside Knapp on the deck of the company's fruiter and wistfully watched a rusty

British tramp roll out into the flood of moonlight beyond the harbor.

Knapp twitted the fighter once or twice about his injured right hand, but Kelly ignored his facetiousness.

"Sort of puts you out of business, eh, Red, old boy?" he finally asked with a grin.

Kelly turned to him slowly, and his small eyes glittered.

"Oh, I don't know," he said meaningly. "I put poor Billy O'Hara away with me left."

After which Knapp maintained a discreet silence.

"There goes Ugarte on that boat," vouchsafed Mr. Kelly shortly afterward.

Knapp whistled softly.

"Did he do you up, Red?" he asked, not unkindly.

"He did," answered Mr. Kelly.

Knapp smoked in silence.

"And your lady?" he questioned.

"There's three things I don't understand," said Mr. Kelly. "One's dagoes, an' one's revolutions, an' one's women. These hot places don't agree with me."

He gazed seaward with a mist in his eyes.

"I'm kinder overtrained, an' I'm goin' home."

A Sucker

A Sucker

ONLY twenty-four hours ago he was a champion, the best man in his class, and now—now he was the champion still, but probably with a price on his head. What did "Spike" O'Brien want to die for, after he had put him away with that easy tap on the jaw? He looked at the sleeping infant in his arms and roundly cursed his bad luck. Just when he and Maggie and the kid were slipping away from the big city, those fly-cops had to show up, and he barely escaped by "jumping" a freight train. He didn't even have time to leave the baby with her.

Here he was in an unknown city, hunted like a wild animal, and with a helpless baby. He skulked along, keeping in the shadow of the houses, torn with his longing for man's help and his fear of capture. Maggie would go clean crazy about the child. He stood there in the darkness and the whirling snow, fairly desperate in his impotent rage.

"I've got to get rid of the kid," he finally muttered. "I've got to."

He retraced his steps till he reached the nearest house. It was an old-fashioned dwelling, in the rear of which was an ell facing the street, and attached to the ell was a veranda with a door leading into the kitchen. Out

of the kitchen window a bright light shot golden rays through the falling snow. Inside, a man passed in front of the light at intervals. To the shivering man outside, the thought of the good cheer and the comfort in the warm kitchen was maddening. He made his way haltingly to the veranda, and then stopped. Drawing the thick woolen shawl from the infant's face, he pressed the soft baby cheek against his heavy jaw, and then—he sobbed softly, without restraint.

"I've got to have somethin' to remember yer by kiddy," he whispered, and after fumbling with the bundle for a moment, he continued, "I'll take this, 'cause you'll soon be too big fer it."

Placing the child on the door-step, he turned and ran toward the street.

This was how Samuel W. Brown, bachelor and recluse, came to adopt a waif which he had found on his doorstep. The Waterburg police investigated the matter and made a spasmodic search for those who had abandoned the child, but they discovered only one clue, which ended where it was found. The night that Mr. Brown heard the baby crying outside his door, a track-walker near the Waterburg depot came upon the lifeless body of a man lying between the rails. He had been struck and killed by the cars. Tightly clenched in one hand was a baby's tiny shoe.

Nobody appeared to claim the foundling, and it is

doubtful if Mr. Brown would have given up the child without a legal fight if some one had. All the starved affection of his lonesome years arose and went out to this cooing, rugged baby—for rugged he surely was. He had scrimped and saved all his life, but now he bought for the child with a lavish hand. He engaged a young and intelligent Irishwoman, a widow by the name of Mrs. Margaret Regan, who admirably fulfilled the dual role of nurse and housekeeper. The baby was christened James, and under Mrs. Regan's constant care he throve wonderfully. Mr. Brown thought she could not have been more devoted if the child had been her own flesh and blood. She seemed to understand his nature intuitively, and pointed out peculiar traits to her master. Therefore, it was very easy for Mr. Brown to see that his adopted child was far more clever and brighter than any other in the neighborhood. It was she who called his attention to the infant's peculiar position when sleeping, and wherein it differed from all other babies.

"Don't you see," she asked, proudly, "how he keeps his hands crossed in front of his face? Well, I never saw a baby who slept like that. They all keep their hands like this," and she held her arms above her head.

The boy grew up to be a sturdy youngster, with shoulders, neck and chest like a little gladiator, and a temper which was simply frightful until he was taught

that a fiery temper was something to be enjoyed but not displayed.

When boys fight, they usually swing their arms wildly in the air like a windmill, howl with rage, and claw and scratch. If lucky, sometimes they hit their opponent on top of the head. But not so with Master James. In his schoolboy fights he never whimpered. He seemed to have but one idea of fighting, which was to punch as fast as he could and send every blow from the shoulder straight as a die. Small wonder that he was never "sassed" by the boys who knew him, and there was every prospect that he would develop into a full-fledged bully; but here Mrs. Regan took him in hand. She told him that the fact of his being able to beat the other boys was the very reason why he should be gentle with them; that it was best to think of the other boy first and himself last; that he must live more for others and less for himself, and that a desire to fight anybody was the very worst thing which any boy could feel.

"But s'pose he makes me fight and I just got to?" he asked her, on one occasion.

"Well," she said, evasively, "if you've got to, why —why—you've got to," and then she hugged him affectionately. Mrs. Regan's Celtic blood would show itself at times in spite of herself.

When James was fourteen years old, his benefactor died, and it was then he learned from Mrs. Regan that

he was a waif. Up to that time he had been taught to consider Mr. Brown as his uncle, and Mrs. Regan as his mother. He put his head on her shoulder and cried as if his heart were broken.

"It isn't so much because Uncle Bob is dead," he sobbed, "or because I'm a foundling, but just because you're—you're not my real mother."

Mr. Brown willed his all to the boy, and it was sufficient to send him to the high school, and keep up the little property while he was learning a trade in a blacksmith shop. Mrs. Regan ran the house for him and ministered to his wants with loving care. In one thing only did she antagonize him. It was in regard to boxing.

Waterburg boasted of several athletic clubs, where it was legal to hold boxing exhibitions provided that only members attended. As everybody who bought a ticket was a member, according to the constitution and by-laws of the club, on some nights the clubs numbered fully two thousand members each. The principal organization was the National Athletic Club, and in it Jimmy was a prime worker. However, he never had a real bout with anyone, although at times he had an insane desire to go on in a preliminary. When the other boys boxed, Jimmy sat there, mentally stopping or ducking every blow which fell.

When he told Mrs. Regan that he had been made

president of the National Athletic Club, she said it was a fine thing; but when he added that he might go on some night to fill up the card, she turned deadly-pale and would have fallen but for his support. Then she clung to him in wild terror, and said, in an agonizing voice, "Oh, Jimmy, you won't ever box anybody, will you, darlin'?" And he promised he never would, at least without her consent.

"But why not? I shouldn't get hurt," he asserted, stoutly.

"Oh! I know—I know," she replied, "but you might—you might—hurt somebody else."

When he was twenty-one years old, the balance of Mr. Brown's estate, in cash, amounting to five thousand dollars, was placed in a bank to his credit by the executor, and then he promoted the boxing bouts at the National Athletic Club on a larger scale. Exhibitions were held every two weeks, and Jimmy became manager of "Cyclone" Miller, who was the best welterweight in Waterburg. Jimmy became convinced that "Cyclone" could best any one-hundred-and-forty-two-pound man in the State, and he issued a sweeping challenge to all boxers.

One evening, "Paddy" Keating, whom the small boys of Waterburg pointed out with awe as the trainer of "Cyclone" Miller, saw Jimmy and told him, "There is a guy workin' in the gun-shop who will take

on 'Cyclone' at one hundred and forty-five pounds, ringside, providin' you will bet two hundred and fifty on the outside."

Jimmy jumped at the offer, and the next afternoon the managers and principals met in the office of the "Examiner." The man from the gun-shop was introduced as Larry Mulligan, and, much to the surprise of Jimmy and his friends, John O'Rourke appeared as his backer. O'Rourke was the proprietor of a poolroom, and very wealthy. For years he had been the owner of notorious gambling establishments, and his reputation for honesty, truth and veracity was still to be fully proved.

It was arranged to hold the bout in thirty days; the weight was to be one hundred and forty-five pounds at the ringside, and they were to box the usual fifteen rounds. When it came to the side bet, O'Rourke twitted "Cyclone's" manager about the amount. Jimmy answered hotly that five hundred dollars would suit him better, and the gambler snapped up the boy quickly. It was stipulated in the articles of agreement that if either boxer did not appear, or was above the weight limit, he should forfeit his entire stake; and it was further agreed that either manager had the option of substituting a man if he desired, but such substitute must be a resident of Waterburg. All through the interview, O'Rourke sneered at Jimmy and badgered him,

until he lost his temper entirely, and when the gambler further taunted him, Jimmy's passion rose to a white heat.

"If I thought you was game," said O'Rourke, maliciously, "I'd give you a chance to put somethin' on that meal ticket of yourn."

"Well, let's hear you talk," said Jimmy, hotly.

"I'll lay you a thousand even that my boy stops 'Cyclone' inside the limit, and if your boy is on his feet at the end of the fifteenth round, I lose," said O'Rourke.

"Make it five thousand dollars and you're on," said Jimmy, coolly. His face was pallid, though it was not fear, as the onlookers thought, but his insane temper, which caused his pallor.

"Bah!" sneered O'Rourke. "Where's your money?"

"I'll have it here in half an hour," said Jimmy. "Now, you strong-arm man, if you mean business, put up!"

In thirty minutes both were there with the cash, and almost before Jimmy realized it, all the money he had in the world was in the hands of the sporting editor of the "Examiner," who had been selected as stakeholder.

"Cyclone" had been training less than a week, when Paddy Keating went around to the blacksmith's shop

and asked Jimmy to go back in the wagon room with him.

"Jimmy, we're done!" said Keating, in a choked voice.

"How?" demanded Jimmy, excitedly.

"O'Rourke and his bunch had you marked for a sucker and they've landed you," said Keating, with a curse.

"What are you drivin' at?"

"Ever since O'Rourke made you put up that money—and I seen him when he conned yer into it, all right, all right—I've been leary of his game. When he gets aboard with his coin, he comes pretty near layin' wise money. Well, I had a man come up from New York and look this Larry Mulligan over, and who der yer s'pose he is?"

"Who?"

"Oh, nobody but 'Kid' Wilson, that's all," cried Paddy, throwing his hands in the air.

"'Kid' Wilson!" gasped Jimmy, falling back involuntarily. "How the hell is that?"

"Kid" Wilson was the acknowledged welter-weight champion of the country, and a man who had never lost a decision.

"Oh! easy enough," answered Keating. "Ever since O'Rourke heard yer had a piece of money, he's been layin' to put it in his own bank-roll. He makes his

livin' off suckers, and he's got a peach in you. He frames yer up for this job, and plants Wilson in the gun-shop under the name of Mulligan. He works there a couple of months, and then O'Rourke lands you. They certain have made a first-class, ace-high sucker out of you."

Jimmy untied his leather apron and rolled down his sleeves silently. After the first shock of the disclosure had passed away, his old faith in his man returned, and he said: "Oh, I don't know! Mr. Champion won't have a cinch."

"Why, 'Cyclone' ain't got a chanst on earth," said Keating, disgustedly. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" he continued.

"Do? What am I going to do?" repeated Jimmy. "Do you think I'm going to lay down now? Not on your life! 'Cyclone' 'll fight him to a finish, and when Wilson beats him you'll never hear a squeal from me."

He hunted up "Cyclone" at the club house, but there was no workout for "Cyclone" that day. Jimmy was informed that his boxer did not feel well and had gone home. When Miller did not appear the next day, Jimmy went to his house and found him in bed. He remained in bed two days, and then Jimmy asked what the matter was with "Cyclone." The physicion replied, "Typhoid."

Jimmy left without a word, and reached his own home

with a heavy heart. Mrs. Regan saw by his face that something had happened. It did not take long to learn the state of affairs. He told her the whole story from beginning to end, and did not spare himself. When he spoke of the money he had bet, she was completely dismayed; but evidently the thought of losing all of his money did not affect him so much as the way he had been taken in.

"Oh, but I was an easy mark!" he said, moodily. "I can get over losin' the money, but I'll never get over bein' made a sucker of."

His pride was sorely wounded, but he found ready sympathy in Mrs. Regan.

"Can't you get some one else in Waterburg to take Miller's place?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "Why, there ain't nobody here who could stay two rounds with Wilson."

One might believe from his attitude that he was completely dejected, but the set of his jaw, his father's jaw, and his eyes which gazed out with a fixed look, belied this. Over Mrs. Regan's face her strong emotions ran riot. First, a nameless fear for the handsome boy; then an undying love, and then—a settled determination.

"How much do you weigh, Jimmy?" she asked, abruptly.

"Oh, about a hundred and fifty-five," he said, vacantly.

She moved a step toward him. "Can you take off ten pounds in three weeks?"

He stood up and looked her straight in the eyes.

"Yes. Of course—why?" he almost whispered.

"Then fight him yourself."

"Do you mean it?" he cried, with tears in his eyes.

"Yes," she answered, and going to the stove, she reached down, gave the grate a terrific rattle, straightened up, and added with a glare—"and lick him." She was braver than he knew.

The lovers of boxing in Waterburg, and there were many among its fifty thousand inhabitants, were wild with excitement when it became known that Jimmy Regan was going to box Larry Mulligan, alias "Kid" Wilson the champion. Most of the devotees of pugilism were frantic at O'Rourke on account of his trickery, and the backer of the champion took good care that he was not seen on the streets at night. Keating sent to New York and secured "Red" Kelly, who was an ex-champion, and the best trainer in the country. Kelly's pug-face and close-cropped, fiery hair had graced many prize rings, and consequently his judgment of boxing material was worth something. He entered into his work with vim, and after he had given Jimmy his first lesson remarked:

"Why, yer ain't such a dub, after all."

To Keating he said privately, "He handles himself like he'd been in the game before," and was greatly surprised to learn that Jimmy had never boxed anybody. A strictly moral life and abstemious habits had given Jimmy a perfect constitution, and his athletic life, together with his work at the anvil, had furnished him with a physique to be envied. Kelly marveled at his ability to hit straight, but he wouldn't have done so had he known who Jimmy's father was. One day, after the training had gone on vigorously for a week, Kelly said, as they got ready for a workout: "We'll go a bit faster to-day, Jimmy. Come to me as fast an' as hard as yer like, an' let me see what yer kin do."

They had sparred less than a minute when Jimmy knocked his trainer down with a right flush on the nose. He jumped up and punched Jimmy until the latter was staggering, and then something very peculiar occurred. Jimmy assumed a crouching position, crossed one arm over his face, put the other in front of his body and kept close to Kelly. The pugnacious teacher dropped his hands and exclaimed:

"Where dit yer git dat defense?"

"I don't know," replied Jimmy.

"Yer don't?" snorted Kelly, incredulously. "Well, if yer kin block like dat and kin keep yer head, I'm damned if Wilson kin put yer away inside de limit."

From then on, Kelly continued his training with new courage. He secured two more boxers, and this gave Jimmy and excellent "stable" of "tryout" fighters. Jimmy developed wonderfully, but his greatest advantage was in being able to withstand punishment. All of the boxers took turns in trying to knock him out with punches on the jaw, and though he was knocked down often, the punishment seemed to have no visible effect upon him.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Kelly, one day. "I never seen anybody what wouldn't go groggy if I copped him on de chin. Now if yer're game, yer'll be all right, but I can't tell 'bout dat until I sees yer gettin' a good trimmin'. Yer want to remember dat what we do is nothin' like what Wilson'll do to yer. He'll find out damned quick dat wallops in de jaw ain't goin' ter hurt yer much, and den he'll try an close yer lamps, but yer've got to keep goin' at him even if yer can't see.

Jimmy was taught that he must box with one object in view — to stay the fifteen rounds. Kelly strongly impressed upon him the fact that if he forced the fight at any stage, he would surely be defeated.

"No matter how much he punches yer," said Kelly, "don't lose yer head. When he rushes, leg it an' stall him off. When he hurts yer—laugh at him. If yer should happen to hit him a punch an' make him break

ground an' yer t'inks he's dopy, keep away from him, 'cause he may be only kiddin'."

From Wilson's quarters came the information that he was taking things easy. He did very little training except to reduce his weight.

"Why, it's a cake-walk," said he. "I'll hand that stiff a couple of pokes and it'll be all over. It's too bad that such a nice young feller has got to have his block knocked off," and he yawned.

Half an hour after the doors of the club-house were opened, the building was packed to suffocation. The champion was a prohibitive favorite and consequently there was very little betting. It was two to one that Jimmy wouldn't last five rounds. In the center of the building stood the postless ring on a platform, and the electric lights overhead threw a blinding glare on the enclosure. In the private boxes around the edge of the ring was gathered the cream of the sporting world. Diamonds flashed from expansive shirt-bosoms, and big, fat, black cigars sent clouds of smoke to the dingy ceiling. O'Rourke and his friends filled one box. The gambler leaned back with a self-satisfied smile and mentally figured how many thousand dollars he would make by his crookedness. What did he care whether or not he ruined a boy? According to his way of thinking, a sucker was born every minute, but clever men like himself were few and far between.

The great crowd sat impatiently while two preliminary bouts were fought, and then all leaned forward expectantly as the scales were placed in the ring. Wilson and Jimmy soon made their appearance. The scales were fixed at one hundred and forty-five pounds, and each stepped on. Neither of them moved the beam, while the crowd watched breathlessly. There was another wait while the boxers were given their final rub-down.

A loud cheer greeted Jimmy's appearance, and he was forced to stop many times and shake hands with his well-wishers. Wilson stood inside the ropes, with his hands in the pockets of his long dressing-gown, and nonchalantly scraping his feet in the powdered rosin. Jimmy jumped up on the platform, stepped between the ropes and sat down on the chair in his corner. Wilson came over to Jimmy, extended his hand, and said:

"I'll try an' put you away, young feller, without cuttin' you to pieces. It's a corkin' big house, ain't it?"

"You'll never have as big a house as this to see you fight again," retorted Jimmy, with a peculiar smile, and Wilson went back to his corner.

In the center of the ring four gloves lay on a piece of wrapping-paper. Kelly selected two of them, and one of Wilson's handlers did likewise. The announcer shouted the conditions of the match in an ear-splitting tenor voice, and then the referee called both men from their corners to give them final instructions.

"You'll box straight Marquis of Queensberry rules," said he. "Break when I tell you, and protect yourselves in the break-away."

Both men stood in their corners waiting for the signal. They were apparently well matched physically, but of the two Jimmy seemed to have the better development. On his back and shoulders his strength was shown by huge knots, and his stomach appeared to be corrugated with muscles. He surveyed the crowd coolly, and his eye fell upon O'Rourke leaning back contentedly in his chair. O'Rourke caught Jimmy's eye, and what he saw there made the sneer fade from his face.

At the clang of the bell, Wilson moved swiftly toward Jimmy, and then tried to draw him out by feinting, but the latter paid no attention to his feints. Then Wilson rushed, sending a right and left for the head quickly; but to his surprise, Jimmy blocked and then clinched. They separated, and once more Wilson rushed, this time leading left and right for the body; but again he was blocked prettily. Then Wilson tried a straight left for the head three times, but scored only once. He started a left for the fourth time, and then, quick as a flash, swung his right to the jaw, and Jimmy toppled over on his back. The champion laughed as Jimmy slowly got to his feet, and rushed at him viciously. However, a straight left stopped him suddenly, and then a wicked right-hand swing missed his jaw by the fractional part

of an inch. The force of the attempted blow turned Jimmy around, and before he could put up his guard the champion had knocked him down with another right flush on the jaw. He arose quickly, and they were punching each other terrifically when the bell rang.

"W'at d'yer mean by takin' th' fight to him dat way?" asked "Red," hotly, as he sponged off his face. "Why, if yer do dat, he'll murder yer. He's got to lick you—yer haven't got to lick him."

"That's all right," replied Jimmy. "He can't hurt me, and if he's going to beat me anyway, you bet I'll have some fun while he's doing it."

Wilson fought more cautiously in the second round. He was a beautiful judge of distance, and at long range landed his blows with wonderful accuracy. In this way he scored often, but he made a mistake when he again rushed at Jimmy, because the latter bent forward with his head on the champion's chest and beat such a tattoo upon his body that Wilson was glad to clinch and save himself. A hard right swing cut a gash over Jimmy's left eye, and the blood trickled down his cheek. Another one in the same place knocked him down, but he rose quickly and clinched when the champion rushed. It seemed now that Jimmy must surely lose, because no human being could withstand such punishment.

"If yer'll only 'tin can' a little," said Kelly, when the second round was over, "an' keep away from him,

yer got a chanst, but never in God's world as long as yer keeps goin' to him."

The third, fourth and fifth rounds were little different from the second. Intuitively, time and again, Jimmy assumed his peculiar crouching attitude, but the champion administered fearful punishment in spite of his blocking and footwork. He was bleeding from the mouth and nose, and his left eye was closed. He was knocked down repeatedly, and it seemed a question whether or not he could last another round, but his father's famous defense saved him when all seemed lost. The champion was without a mark. Jimmy hung on desperately in every clinch now, and the referee had hard work tearing them apart. This sixth round was more disastrous for Jimmy than the others, and his punishment was so severe that the crowd began to yell: "Shame! Shame! Take him off! Take him off!"

For several rounds Jimmy had simply tried to defend himself, and now, at the end of the eighth round, he was staggering. As he kept hold of the champion in a clinch and looked over his shoulder, O'Rourke laughed at him, and Jimmy walked to his corner a perfect madman. Half of the audience were on their feet yelling to the referee: "Stop it! Stop it! Don't let it go on!" Jimmy was being so badly beaten that it disgusted them.

"I'm going out this time to fight him," said Jimmy.

"I'm sick of being punched all over the ring. I ain't going to take it for ten times the money."

"All right," said Kelly, throwing his hands in the air, "take a dyin' chanst if yer want to—it's your funeral."

When the ninth round opened, Wilson started in to finish his man, but his first rush was met by a fearful right-hand hook in the body, and a left, delivered with telling force in the same spot, made him retreat for the first time during the fight. Jimmy went after him with the fierce viciousness of a bulldog, and then the crowd became frantic. A wild yell arose from two thousand throats, hats went sailing in the air, and from every side epithets and curses were hurled at the champion. He had beaten Jimmy until those hardened ring-followers turned away from the sickening sight, but now he was actually on the run. Wilson punched back valiantly, but was forced to clinch for protection. Jimmy literally fought himself free, and then knocked his opponent down with a frightful left-hand swing on the ear.

As soon as he arose, Jimmy dropped him again with a right to the body. The blow was perfectly fair, but the referee shook one finger at him and said:

"One more punch like that, Regan, and I'll disqualify you. It was too low."

All voices were stilled as he cautioned Jimmy, but as soon as the full purport of his words fell upon the

spectators, they shouted, "Liar! Thief! Robber!" at him without stint. During the moment's rest between the rounds, the sporting editor of the "Examiner" stood up in the press box, shook his fist at the referee and shrieked, "Do it, do it, you yellow dog, and I'll put you out of business!"

In Jimmy's corner, the seconds were working over him desperately. Kelly gave him a generous whiff from the ammonia-bottle, and then whispered hoarsely in his ear: "O'Rourke has done business with dat mutt of a referee. I seen him bat his eye at O'Rourke jest 'fore he called yer down. It's no use now—he's sure to give a decision again yer in dis round, damn him!"

"Going to throw it into me, is he?" gasped Jimmy. "Then he'll have to do it quick," and he sprang from his chair as the bell struck.

The fearful body-punches had made the champion weak. He went to a clinch quickly as Jimmy rushed, and hung on until the referee pushed his way between them. Once more Jimmy closed in on his antagonist relentlessly, and sent him staggering back with a perfect hurricane of blows, until he was glad to clinch. Again the referee walked between them. This was repeated three times, and on each break-away Jimmy swung viciously, but missed. Wilson was staggering now. He lay against his opponent and clutched him.

"Break!" said the referee. "Break, I tell you!" he

repeated, and putting a hand on each boxer started to shove them apart. The champion stepped back, there was the sound of a heavy smack as a five-ounce glove landed on the referee's jaw, and then—flat on his back lay that official, limp and unconscious. Jimmy had made his usual swing at Wilson on the break-away, and the referee had stopped it. A perfect bedlam arose. O'Rourke started to climb through the ropes, but was pulled back and thrown on the floor. In the ring, the champion was trying to ward off the deadly blows of an infuriated opponent. The referee never moved. "Red" Kelly was screaming advice with the voice and face of a maniac, but in the fearful din his words were as a whisper. Back and forth the two men fought, hugged and twisted each other in mad desperation. A left swing to the body made Wilson lower his guard and sway slightly; then he pitched forward, fell flat on his face, and lay motionless, with his gloved hands outstretched on either side. A right-hand hook had landed squarely on the point of his chin. It was all over.

The referee sat up as Wilson was dragged to his corner. Then he arose, grasped the rope, and said, unsteadily, "I award this fight to Wilson on a foul."

"And I," said the jubilant sporting editor, "award the money to the winner," and walking round to Jimmy's corner, he handed Kelly a fat envelope.

A cheering, frenzied horde swooped down on Jimmy

and carried him bodily to his dressing-room. He was bathed and massaged tenderly. While they were putting on his clothes, somebody called Kelly from the room. He returned shortly, his face white with anxiety. Others came in, held whispered conversations, and went out quietly. Gradually the spirit of mirth faded, and the atmosphere became so chilled and depressing that Jimmy noticed it.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" he asked with a painful smile on his battered face. "You'd think it was a funeral here."

Keating burst through the door. "My God, he's dead!" he cried huskily. Nobody spoke. Slowly Jimmy grasped the situation.

"Did I do it?" he asked, piteously. "Oh! oh! I didn't mean to, I didn't mean to, boys; you know I didn't!" And then, breaking down, he cried, "What will she say?"

Kelly was the first to recover himself. "Here," he shouted, "we'll put yer out de winder. If dey pinch yer, it means time in the penitentiary." They almost dragged the dazed boxer to the window and lowered him to the ground. Once outside, he could hear the steady muffled roar from within, which gradually lessened in volume till it was hushed altogether. "They've just found it out," he thought, and he started on a run for his home. Mrs. Regan was waiting for him, and when

she gazed at his swollen countenance, she instinctively stretched her hands toward him.

"Never mind, dear, if you didn't win," she said, soothingly. "He was the champion, anyway."

He backed away from her and groaned: "You don't know what I've done! You don't know what I've done!" He sank into a chair, and then tossed the bulging envelope on the table before her. One glance and she saw what it was.

"What?—you didn't win?" she gasped, breathlessly. He nodded his head.

"Well, what's the matter?" She staggered back in horror and placed a hand to her heart. "Oh, no, Jimmy, not that—not that!" she whispered. Again he nodded.

"Oh, my God!" she cried in agony—"the sin of his father!"

In an instant the full significance of her words dawned upon him. He sprang to his feet, placed his hands on her shoulders and forced her to look at him. "Now I know it—I've always felt it!" he said, brokenly. "You are my mother!" and then he burst into tears. Suddenly there came the sound of footsteps running up the walk.

"Quick, Jimmy, in here! Don't let them get you!" she cried, but too late! The door fell open with a crash

and "Red" Kelly, Paddy Keating and a crowd of boisterous men came piling in.

"Wilson's all right," shouted Kelly, with a whoop of joy. "Dey tort he wuz dead, but he come back in good shape and de doctor says he'll be O. K. to-morrer."

Jimmy had collapsed into a chair.

"But what I want to know," demanded Keating, "is, did—did yer hand out one to de referee a-purpose?"

Jimmy screwed his disarranged countenance into the faintest semblance of a grin, closed his remaining good eye with a diabolical wink, and asked:

"Did you really think I was a sucker?"

The Abduction of Red Kelly

The Abduction of Red Kelly.

IT WAS close to midnight and yet from within Foley's saloon came sounds which indicated that somebody's evening had only just begun. Siren tenors and coal chute bassos groped vainly for harmony, and then in wild abandon rose to the ceiling in ear splitting roars and discordant wails, as they lingeringly questioned:

"Shoo-ld oo-ld ack-quaint-ance be-e-e-e for-got?"

They finished with a terrifying chorus of "Yee-ips" and "Yee-ows," accompanied by the banging of glass on wood, and then came a sudden silence, as a voice said thickly:

"Foley, yer big harp, yer th' king 'f fat-heads, but I loves yer. I'd like t' stay till th' sun peeps over th' ferry-house roof, but I'm due t' keep a date with me peek-a-boo at twelve — she wants a dash thro' th' park in me choo-choo. So 'bust' a basket 'f th' good old grape fer me friends an' then shake a day-day."

More yowls and whoops followed this exhilarating order and then the short swinging doors burst open as the owner of the voice half fell through them and wavered unsteadily on the sidewalk for a moment.

"Where's me pea-soup shoffer?" he muttered, as he gazed about vacantly.

Fifty feet away stood a huge touring car, with its brilliant lights throwing a glare on the pavement at his very feet, and this fact gradually dawned upon him. He zigzagged toward the lights and when within a few feet of the car, suddenly tripped and plunged forward on his stomach with a grunt. As he did so, three men jumped out from a doorway and threw themselves upon him. The fall had evidently stunned him, for he made no outcry or resistance when they pummeled him. They soon ceased this treatment and raised him to his feet, just as another man sprang from the automobile and landed beside them.

"Pardon—I am asleep on ze back zeat," he explained with a bow. "I hear not when you hav' come," meanwhile eying the stupified man indifferently. The other three exchanged sullen glances and then one circled around slowly, as if to come upon the chauffeur from behind.

"I see why you arrive," continued the driver amiably. "Monsieur has — what you call 'em — ah, yes — a fierc-e-e shag. It ees nothing. I hav' many times seen."

"Well, yer see, it's dis way, Cull," broke in one of the trio hoarsely, "yer boss wants t' take a sail. Th' briny deep fer his, see? We comes back t' put yer wise. Are yer on?"

"Ah — h — Monsieur would on ze wataire go — oui?"

"Surest thing yer know," chorused the others. The driver shrugged his shoulders and turned his hands palms out.

"I can-not pree-vent," he answered. "Where shall I wait Monsieur?"

"If yer on Pier No. 10 — in Boston — one week from dis afternoon, he'll be dere," replied the spokesman, indicating the inert figure held up between them.

"Zee one — wick!"

"Sure! He's goin' t' chase th' booze out 'f him. Take him a week t' git rid o' dis load, anyway. He soitanly is soshed."

"Ver-ee well. I go to a-wait Monsieur. He will shur-lee come? Ess't not so?"

"We're handin' it t' yer straight. So long."

Turning they partly carried and dragged the unconscious man across the street and then along the other side until they came to an open doorway under a dock shed. Through this they disappeared.

As the driver turned to his car his foot pressed some soft object and, stooping over, he picked up a large roll of bills. A quick glance at the yellow wrapper disclosed the figure one and three ciphers on a corner of the bill. For just an instant he paused with indecision, then thrust the money in his pocket.

"No-o-o," he said, "it ees Monsieur's — I will keep for heem."

. . . . . .

William Wallace, second mate of the three-masted schooner "Mary Ann Skinner," better known to his shipmates as "Groggy" Wallace, threw the rays of his lantern on the figure lying sprawled upon the deck at his feet and then stepped back with a snort of disgust:

"And you call this here an able seaman?" he demanded of the three men who stood beside him, "why, he ain't half a man. Where'd you find that dwarf floating?"

"Oh, no matter," was the answer. "Just picked him up 'long shore. His name's Monsoor. We shook him down, but dey ain't nothin' 'n his clothes but a pack 'f cig'rettes. He ain't no joiant, but I guess yer'll make him work his passage, all right, all right, an' say, what d' yer tink — we tells a friend o' his'n, dat dis guy wid de jag 'll be at Pier No. 10 in Boston a week from today an' be sure fer t' meet him. How's dat fer a peach of a frame up, eh?" The speaker doubled over with laughter. "An auto-mo-bile 'll be waitin' fer him dere — tink of it! — an *AU-TO-MO-BILE!*" and he punched at his nearest companion to further express his wild mirth.

Suddenly there came the sound of a heavy fall, followed by deep curses from the cabin. "Scud out of

this, quick," commanded the second mate, "it's Eat-em-up-Goggins. He's first officer this passage and he's many seas over to-night."

The clink of oars in the departing boat was still audible from the darkness, as the chief officer stamped his way heavily along the deck and halted beside Wallace. In the light of the ship's lantern he seemed a veritable giant, looming head and neck above the second mate, his huge shoulders sloping into long, ape-like arms, and his dissipated, bestial face leering in the light, seemingly half human, half animal. His bushy eyebrows, which joined completely over his bulbous nose, raised a trifle and his beady eyes took on a new glitter as his gaze fell on the man prone upon the deck. Then a smile — and such a smile — spread over his repulsive face, as he realized the reason for the stranger's presence. Balancing himself, he drove a heavy boot against the body of the prostrate man, who drew up his legs and groaned.

"Get up," he growled, "dye hear me?"

Receiving no answer he grasped the insensible man by the coat collar and, holding him up, shook him as a terrier would a rat. His head wabbled and his legs flopped about in a sickening manner, yet the vigorous treatment brought forth no response.

"What's wrong with him, knock-out-drops?" he inquired with a coarse oath, as he dropped the unconscious

man to the deck, where he lay still, in a huddled heap.

"They said 'twas just booze," answered Wallace. "He'll round to in the morning."

"Oh, he will, hey? Well, if he don't —" turning abruptly he sent his huge fist against a belaying pin, breaking the hard oak handle off clean, with a crack like the report of a pistol.

In spite of his undoubted youth and the cherubic expression of his freckled face, there had been times — and not a few in number — when the dawn which followed the complete and infinite glory of eventide failed most miserably of its rosy prospects. There had been times when the night before was illumined with a sunset of exquisite coloring — but the following sunrise was of a hideous, billious perspective. So the thump, thump, thump, in his head and the flannel lining in his mouth was no new sensation to him on this morning, and yet it was incomprehensible that his pillow and bed had grown to adamant in a night.

With eyes still closed he reached out one hand for the trust-worthy push-button and — grasped a rope. He sat up abruptly and then for a moment blinked in wonderment as he vainly tried to connect his exit from Foley's saloon with his present inexplicable position on the forward deck of a schooner. The sudden transition was little short of miraculous. Where had he been in the space between?

"Ah — h," he drew in his breath sharply. The vessel was dipping down, down, down, and then up again, just like the big merry-go-rounds at Coney. A single whirl in a swing could bring but one result to him, as distressing as it was certain. Hastily scrambling to his feet he lurched dizzily to the bulwarks and held on desperately, while the big ship dove a mild downward and then soared up high into the blue of the sky. When he turned around and collapsed to the deck he felt somewhat relieved albeit the ship was still turning endless somersaults and the flannel in his mouth had been succeeded by a piece of sand paper, moistened in lime-juice. Where was everybody?

"Well, this is a great horse 'n me," he mused. "Me old pals has jobbed me for fair. Mebbe they ain't spielin' 'long th' Bowery wi' joy just about this time." He had been running his hands through his pockets in a half-abstracted manner and now he sat up with a jerk.

"This ain't no joke," he muttered. "I've been touched fer me roll! Some gun has pinched it!"

This startling and unpleasant knowledge cleared his brain and gave him renewed strength. The deadly dizziness in his head grew gradually less. For a moment or two he sat in deep thought and then from his pocket he complacently drew a box of cigarettes and a match. He had taken but one or two puffs when without warn-

ing the cigarette went sailing through space and a heavy blow on the head knocked him over flat. Before he could gather his scattered senses he was yanked to his feet and dragged along the deck amidship, meanwhile the blows fell upon him unceasingly and with renewed force.

"Smoke a cigarette, will you?" roared the first mate. "You miserable, little red-headed pup. I'll show you what discipline means aboard this vessel."

The buffeting and mauling continued, but the first mate, in his blind fury, did not notice that the object of his attack was making no resistance. Moreover, he might have observed that the recipient of his blows made absolutely no sound through it all.

From his position further aft the second officer watched the scene with growing resentment. "Eat-em-up" Goggins was certainly more of an inhuman brute than his unsavory reputation had ever accused him of being. The spectacle of a two hundred and twenty pound man abusing a mere boy was nauseating, even to this hardened sailor.

Goggins desisted for an instant through sheer weariness and then watched his victim with an ugly grin, as he rose slowly to his feet and wavered there weakly. The face of the little chap was colorless as death, but in his small blue eyes, which now surveyed his perse-

cutor fixedly, there was the glint of highly polished steel.

"D'ye see me?" demanded the first mate.

"Well, in case yer might forget me next time," he added, "here's my card," and bringing up one huge arm he dealt the other a fearful blow with his open hand full in the face.

As Wallace approached where he lay on the deck, he noticed his eyes were open and that he was watching him intently. Above the red welt which marked Goggins' last cruel blow, two clear eyes gazed at him fearlessly and then — Wallace almost gasped — one lid fell and opened. It was unmistakably a wink. Then he sat up.

"I'm sorry for you, my boy. This ain't goin' to happen again," said Wallace.

"Bet yer sweet life it ain't," he declared, as he briskly blew the blood from his nose and then stood upon his feet. "What am I up against?" he demanded.

Wallace learned that his name was Kelly and how the last thing he remembered was leaving Foley's saloon. When he had explained to Kelly that the "Mary Ann Skinner" was bound for Portland, Maine, and that he had shipped as an able seaman, all Kelly said was:

"I'm a sucker if I ain't shanghaied."

Kelly was also informed that the captain had been taken with a sudden illness and that now Goggins, as first mate, was in full charge of the schooner. "The

only thing to do," cautioned Wallace, "is to mind everything he says. He's apt to knock yer brains out any minute. I'm sorry for you."

"What for?"

"Because you're — you're the under dog."

"Well, yer needn't be, an' besides, th' under dog is most always th' one what begins th' fight. Anyway, yer can't tell yet how this thing's goin' t' end."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, in th' scrappin' game now'days yer can't tell much 'bout th' first fight till yer sees how th' second one ends, ketch on?"

"Now, look here," declared Wallace, with rising wrath, "don't have no fool notions 'bout gettin' even with the first mate. If you should tackle him with a club, why — we'll be sweepin' your freckles off the deck for a week afterward."

Kelly learned much in the next twenty-four hours, the strict observance of which was conducive to his own bodily safety. He entered upon his tasks uncomplainingly and the stimulating sea air was soon productive of a more ravenous appetite and exuberant spirits. For three days they were forced to beat against stiff head winds, and during all his spare moments Kelly was busily engaged in jumping a rope around the deck, climbing up ropes hand over hand, or pushing a couple of old iron belaying pins out from his body in every

conceivable angle. The first mate did not molest him to any extent except for an occasional kick, but on the third day out he noticed Kelly sitting on the deck by the galley, with his hands in a bucket. When he looked again half an hour later and saw Kelly had not changed his position, his curiosity was aroused. Crossing to him he snarled:

"What's that for, hey, you miserable wharf rat?"

"Well, yer see," replied Kelly coolly, "me hands gits sore in this business an' brine makes 'em tough. It pickles 'em so's I kin use 'em without hurtin' 'em."

"Oh, does it?" sneered Goggins. "Well, yer ain't paid for this, get out!"

A kick from his boot sent the bucket and its contents flying and then he swung his great arm viciously at the fiery crowned head beneath him. The next instant he was picking himself up from the deck and Kelly stood thirty feet away, smiling at him.

"'Cuse me," said the latter, "'cuse me, boss — fer duckin'."

That night when Kelly had told Wallace of the incident, the second mate became exasperated.

"You're goin' to get your little neck broke, sure," he said.

"Mebbe I am," replied Kelly with a peculiar smile, "but yer kin gamble he won't ketch me again with a 'hold over.'"

"You talk like a lunatic," cried Wallace hotly. "He's six feet two and weighs over two hundred pounds. You're about five feet high and weigh — how much?"

"Oh, 'bout one twenty-six, but I kin make one twenty-two ring — I mean — I've weighed less'n that. I'm sore on Goggins, 'cause he swiped me bank roll. Yer see, 'bout a month ago, I got a hot tip on a skate at Sheepshead. I know it's right, 'cause it's stable information. I plays him 'cross th' board at twenty t' one an' say — on th' dead — he just wins by a snoot. Th' next day I buys a choo-choo car an' a 'frog eater' t' steer it. I has eight t'ousand five hundred dollars cold 'n me jeans. I'm a winner, see? Then I fall fer th' booze, git tapped fer me wad an'— here I am! Kin yer beat it?"

"I see!" exclaimed Wallace excitedly. "Then there *was* an automobile? Those fellows said they told the Frenchman you would be at Pier No. 10 in Boston on this week Saturday and he is to meet you there."

"But we're goin' to Portland, ain't we?" demanded Kelly.

"Of course we are. They fooled the Frenchman and Goggins has been laughing 'bout it ever since."

"He has, has he? Then he's in cahoots with those crooks an' it's a pipe they has split me dough with him. How far are we from Boston?"

"Oh, about fifty miles."

"See here," suddenly declared Kelly, "no matter what happens on this barge after today, jest keep off an' let me alone. I ain't goin' t' git hurted."

During the night the breeze died out entirely and morning found the schooner becalmed, laying as quietly as if she were resting on the surface of a mill pond. As the first mate made his way forward, roundly cursing the delay, he stopped quickly, when the figure of a man emerged from the forecastle and paused for an instant at the rail. The figure was Kelly, who was quite clotheless. Here was an inviting target for the first mate's ill temper.

"Hey, you carrot-headed whelp!" he yelled, "where d'ye think you're goin'?"

"Swimmin'. Where did yer 'spose, yer pig-headed slob?" was the calm answer. "Do I look like I was goin' horseback ridin'?"

The oaths which would have sprang from Goggins' lips were choked back by the wild burst of rage which welled up and stiffled all speech.

"Come here," he finally managed to roar and Kelly sauntered toward him leisurely.

The deliberate insubordination of Kelly had roused Goggins into an uncontrollable fury and obliterated every sense save one mad desire — to take that small naked body in his grasp and crush it to a pulp, else he might have noticed Kelly's cat-like tread, that every

short red hair on Kelly's head was standing out straight, that beneath his skin of almost snowy whiteness there were cords and layers of long, supple muscles, which played easily with every movement and curve of his small, graceful body. Moreover, he might have observed that Kelly's eyelids were but two little slits and that his white lips were parted in a smile which was akin to cruelty.

Goggins' convulsive clutch at Kelly was an empty effort, because, just then something happened. Kelly's right arm had shot out like a flash of light and then the big first mate went staggering back on his heels with one hand clapped to his eye.

"Thought I'd give yer my card, too," said Kelly, and then as Goggins made a wild rush at him he seemed suddenly changed into a bunch of steel springs and live wire. He met the fierce onslaught with a straight punch full on the other eye, which stopped Goggins, as though he had run against a mast. Then, when the swearing officer made a wild swing with one ponderous fist, his agile opponent had easily slipped out of harm's way and then bounded back with another vicious blow on the damaged eye. A yell escaped Goggins at this.

"Ah, hah!" cried Kelly, exultantly, "I knowed yer was a mongrel. I'll make yer squeal louder, yer big stiff."

Then followed a scene, which except for the mur-

derous desire of the first mate and his evident intention of killing his little antagonist could he but catch him, would have been ludicrous. It was a pigmy steadily beating a giant with the unerring precision of an automatic machine, and with the calmness and deliberation of cold retaliation; it was like a cooper going around a barrel, hammering incessantly, and meanwhile Kelly was skipping back and forth, here and there untiringly, easily avoiding the fierce rushes of a now thoroughly crazed man. Occasionally Goggins would cease his awful swings to kick at his elusive antagonist, and then continue his frightful curses and frenzied punches, as Kelly again resumed the steady tattoo on his swollen countenance. Goggins' eyes were almost closed when Kelly began to intersperse his stinging blows with remarks:

"I pickled me dukes so's I could land 'n that big jaw 'f your'n an' not hurt 'em," he said, as he sent a right hand swing to the chin with a sound like the crack of a whip and again, after side stepping a bull-like rush, he exclaimed:

"Take back that rap in th' snoot yer give me," as he quickly stood upon tip-toe and shot a straight left to Goggins' nose, drawing the blood therefrom in a stream.

"Stand still!" howled Goggins through puffed lips. Was there a note of fear in his voice?

"I can't," sneered Kelly in reply, as his stinging fist again found a resting place on the other's jaw, "I was always a nervous chee-ild."

Goggins had made many desperate attempts to annihilate Kelly and yet failed signally to even touch the dancing figure before him, and now a queer pallor came slowly spreading over his face. Kelly quickly noticed it and then he cut loose mercilessly. From every direction came those relentless blows with the force of a trip-hammer and as blinding as a hail storm, beating Goggins' face out of all human shape until, at last, he dropped his great arms and stood still — panting, helpless and bewildered. For an instant Kelly paused.

"Where's me money?" he asked grimly.

"I don't know. I ain't never seen a cent of it — s' help me God, I ain't."

"All right — put up yer hands."

"No more — I'm licked," he whined.

"Oh, no, yer ain't," retorted Kelly, "not half licked," and again he rocked Goggins' head with a deadly swing on his swollen nose.

"Don't hit me — Don't hit me again," begged Goggins, covering his face with his arms. "I can't see."

Kelly lowered his hands with an exclamation of disgust. "Yer big yeller cur," he said, "just one thing 'll let yer by. Do I git off 'n Boston?"

"Yes, Kelly — Mr. Kelly —" he sobbed, "I'll put back to New York if you say so."

"Nope — me automobile is waitin' fer me 'n Boston. Now take — a little nap!"

Kelly half turned his body away from Goggins, then back again and as he did so his right arm moved with his body and landed with fearful force flush on the point of the big man's jaw.

Goggins stiffened, as though suddenly stricken, slowly bent backward, and then crashed his full length upon the deck and lay there with his barrel-like chest rising and falling in mighty heaves — unconscious.

The next morning before descending the rope ladder to enter the small boat, Kelly paused and looked around him. Tugs were puffing about, the bay was full of small craft and on Pier No. 10 in the distance stood an automobile. Kelly took a cigarette from his pocket and fumbled for a match. Out from the crowd of sailors on deck stumbled a man whose face was a mass of bruises — in fact, unrecognizable. He scratched a match, carefully shielded it from the wind and then held it to the cigarette in Kelly's mouth.

They watched Kelly silently as he was rowed ashore.

"Say, Wallace," finally groaned Goggins, "who in hell was that — that devil?"

"His name is 'Red' Kelly and they do say he's something of a fighter."

WALLOPS.

The world's champion featherweight leaned back in his car with a sigh of contentment.

"Open her up, my dear Alphonse," he said, "an' don't stop till yer hit th' Bowery."

When Campbell Cried

When Campbell Cried

BARRY CAMPBELL came to a halt at Forty-second street and gazed gloomily up and down Broadway. The thoroughfare presented the same appearance this late November day that it had only one month before, and yet what a change had come in his life since then! In that short time his world had turned upside down. A month ago every regular Broadway promenader would have gazed admiringly at his straight figure, which loomed above the average man, and envied the broad, sloping shoulders which threw his paddock coat into bold, bulging relief. Even his rapier-like walking stick had then an inflated value. Never again would the habitues of this district pause whenever he appeared and gaze at him in worshipful awe. A newsboy made a flying jump from a crosstown car, gazed at Campbell's impassive face for an instant and then scurried away with a shrill, mocking yell:

"Hey, fellers, pipe the has been!"

About him rushed the pulsating life of the mammoth city, with an unceasing grinding roar, giving no heed to the dethroned king who was now as a stranger within its gates. From a hotel across the street came two sleek looking men, who looked like prosperous brokers. They gave him a superior, patronizing nod.

"Even the wire-tappers pass me up," Campbell reflected bitterly, and why shouldn't they? Their earning capacity was still unimpaired, while he — well, an ex-champion fighter without money had about as much value, judged by the relentless Broadway standard, as a dead cab horse. It was on account of the sudden shrinking of his commercial worth that his erstwhile shrewd manager, and supposedly loyal partner, had immediately abandoned him to the mercy of the overwhelming storms of public disapproval and derision. He was now just a lonesome, useless derelict on the pugilistic ocean, not even dangerous to any fighter who might be steering for the championship port.

One block down Broadway a famous sporting hotel reared its glaring mass of yellow brick skyward. By every law of right and fairness he should be half owner. Had it not been leased and furnished with the money he had won in the ring? Was it not by reason of Campbell's physical strength and calculating brain that Billy Johnson, his former manager, had increased his own bank roll from a shoestring to a list of taxable property running well into six figures? Campbell watched the endless human stream pouring in and out of the hotel cafe, like bees in a hive. As he pictured the suave Johnson in that throne room of glistening cut glass and almost priceless paintings, a mighty rage consumed him. It was bad enough to foolishly neglect his train-

ing and thus leave himself open to that chance blow which had driven the championship laurel from his brow, but to have Johnson — he who had promised to divide all hotel profits with Campbell whenever called upon to do so, who had time and again sworn fidelity should adversity come to his threshold, had turned his back upon Campbell with a sneering laugh when the fighter had been dragged unconscious to his chair. Once he had cornered the elusive Johnson and calmly urged his right to Johnson's financial backing in a return match with "Battling" McCormick. It was then Johnson had decisively declared, albeit with shifty eye and venomous mein:

"No chance, Barry, no chance. A beaten champion never comes back! Show me one who ever returned with the goods, and I'll tap my pile for you. My boy, I wouldn't bet Confederate money on you."

"A beaten champion never comes back!"

It had rang in his ears day and night ever since. Was it true? Rapidly his mind flew down the list of defeated champions and they were all — still defeated champions! But why? He was only thirty, in good health and supremely confident that he knew more about the game than any other man alive. Well, he drew in his breath with a sharp intake, it was no time for theorizing — an acute, starving condition confronted him. A mist clouded his deep set blue eyes. He felt

strangely homeless and friendless — the monarch of yesterday was the pauper of today.

Long he stood musing, lost in a maze of gloomy reflections. Theatre crowds surged by in four ever swelling tides to meet in a human whirlpool, seemingly a swirling, hopeless vortex — sullen waves beating blindly against each other for a moment and then slowly receding through channels of traffic which offered least resistance. Unconscious of all this surging turmoil about him, Campbell lingered, brooding over his disgrace, a silent, forlorn figure. He was roused suddenly as a sharp cry of fear reached his ears. It was a woman's voice. Before him rolled a seething, turbulent ocean of people, intermingled with cabs, surface cars, automobiles and private carriages. A lone perspiring policeman, with a countenance portraying approaching apoplexy, was wafted about like a red and blue cork on a giant comber, motormen cursed and bells clanged, cab drivers roared and whistled, and then came a crash, followed by a sound of falling glass. Once again a woman screamed. As if by magic, the straining, belligerent crowd was stilled. The blockade was complete, but that terror-stricken voice had brought intelligence to the struggling mob. Within a few feet of Campbell the heavy pole of a truck had punctured the back of a smart Victoria, like breaking an egg shell. He saw a girl's frightened face framed in the carriage window.

A footman had jumped down and was vainly trying to calm the plunging chestnut cobs. Campbell moved, as a panther moves — with grace and power. His bamboo walking stick swished viciously in the air twice and the truck horses reared back from the force of the stinging blows, leaving a gaping hole in the back of the Victoria. The next instant Campbell had pulled open the door and led the girl toward the sidewalk. As he did so a whip lash sang in the air and cut into his face like a red hot wire. The truck driver was even! Campbell turned quickly to note his assailant, but the cold glitter in his eyes changed to a mirthful beam as he saw the truck driver stare at him in wild amazement and then — promptly collapse. The girl saw the crimson welt blazing his cheek.

"Oh — oh," she gasped involuntarily, "the coward!" Campbell smiled down at her.

"He's hurt worse than I am," he chuckled, nodding toward the inert driver, who was being supported by a white-faced companion. "He tumbled to who I was after he belted me. Only compliment I've had in a month."

Meanwhile mounted police had been threading their way through the intractable, intricate tangle and now the homogeneous knot began to assume some semblance of order and unravel, proceeding slowly onward after

the manner of a ponderous, unwieldly machine. He handed her to the carriage.

"Thank you — very much, Mr. Campbell," she said with rising color. He bowed silently and stood with head bared, as her carriage passed.

"Hey, Barry, goin' my way?" He turned to see a huge touring car slacking speed. Behind sat a glowing ebullient person, with flaming visage and fiery red hair, making an appearance suggestive of a brick house with a burning roof. However, there was effervescent good nature in every line of his seamy pug face and a keen, quick brain mirrored in his close-slitted, little gray eyes.

"Well, well, 'Red' Kelly, of all men!" exclaimed Campbell. "What's doing?"

"Nothin'. Come on — hop in, that cop's motionin' for us."

They crossed to the Avenue and then swept along to the park entrance, when Kelly spoke: "I got back from the coast yesterday. What are you doing, Barry?"

"Just what you see."

"What do you mean — you ain't broke?" incredulously.

"Nothing else. They cleaned me up at New Orleans, after McCormick handed me that swift wallop in the jaw."

"Ponies, eh?" exclaimed Kelly, with a snort of dis-

gust. "The only one who makes any coin following the horses is the street cleaner! There's only one bunch of suckers softer'n the pony chasers, an' those are th' ones which pay good money to see wrestlin' matches, which have got all gold-brick artists, wire-tappin' kings an' green goods performers skinned forty ways. You must have win some money, when you was champion."

"I wish I had it now. Over two hundred thousand." Kelly whistled softly.

"Two hundred thousand dollars!" he exclaimed. "Didn't Johnson declare you in on the hotel?"

"I was in as long as I was champion!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Kelly, sharply.

"After I stopped that punch I was out — of everything."

"Um-m-m! Well, wasn't it a case of split even over the hotel profits?"

"I always supposed so, but after I was licked I found there were no profits. It was skiddoo for mine!"

"It's the old story, Barry," said Kelly musingly. "The world loves a winner, but yells 'scat' to a loser. You was a good feller when you was openin' the sparkling grape, but the rats faded away when you got down to a beer pocket-book. Dam'fi understand how you didn't tumble to it, neither. It's easy enough to make money — it's hard to keep it. You was the wisest gazaboo who ever took up th' fightin' business. You

had a good education an' you was gettin' strong enough in your district, so you could have pinched a dumpin' contract or a pavin' job in a couple of years, but no — you thought there was more coin in pushin' your knuckles. I don't mind telling you now that you had the best head of any fighter I ever knew and I've seen fifty championships change hands in my time. You was always there with your brain, never gettin' mad, figurin' it out like one and one is two, never takin' a chance, never cuttin' loose until you had your man goin' and never handin' him the dreamland soaker, an' shuttin' off the sunshine, till you was dead certain you could get away with it. Why was it you never got hot no matter what they did or said to you in the ring? You ain't built for a fighter, at that. You ain't no low-brow — with a bum lamp and a cauliflower ear. It's a strange thing how you got by with what nature give you. Usually the champions is the ones which can take th' hardest punch and keep goin' till the other guy is tired out tryin' to put 'em away. Everything else bein' even, the man who can stand up and take a lacin' is *it*. I don't mean he's got to be game, but 'cause nature has given him an iron jaw, which bounds off punches like water from a duck's back. It's nature, mostly nature, I tell you, and those that's built by nature to stand a hammerin' is the ones who pile up the mazumas. The feller what's licked in a punch goes

to the junk heap, no matter if he's a broker, a merchant, or a prizefighter. So, as I was sayin', you was a new proposition in our business. It was funny to me when you went to Finnegan's swell dinner an' you didn't use your napkin like you was gettin' ready for a shampoo, nor your knife like you was practicin' a sword swallowin' act. It's a cinch, a born gent can be a prizefighter if he knows inside fightin' an' has the punch, because a real gent is bred right to take a gruellin', but no man what ever lived can be a prizefighter first an' a swell gent afterwards."

There was a moment's silence and Campbell said coolly and with conviction:

"See here, 'Red,' I can beat that McCormick just as sure as water will run down hill. He has nothing on me. I can outbox him. He's only dangerous in one respect. He puts the right over hard, but a schoolboy could see it coming — he starts it from behind his back, like a man swinging a sledge-hammer."

"Maybe so, but you know the old sayin' that ——"

"A champion never comes back?" interrupted Campbell. Kelly nodded.

"Oh, I know that's what they all claim," declared Campbell, "but here's one who is going to come back," and he tapped his chest significantly.

Campbell's face had grown white and set, and from time to time his companion shot him quick glances of

repressed interest. When Kelly spoke again, it was with studied precision, and with an evident desire to send each word home.

"Who was the cause of your not trainin' right for that last fight?"

"Johnson. He said it would be like getting money from home."

"Ah, Johnson, eh? Did anybody tell you that McCormick could hit like the kick of a mule?"

"I did hear he was something of a puncher, but Johnson laughed at the idea — said McCormick couldn't break a hole in a circus hoop of tissue paper. I found out differently too ——"

Kelly's laugh caused Campbell to pause and look at him fixedly. It was such a queer, meaning laugh, with a hidden note of scorn and anger running through it. Suddenly a great light broke upon Campbell. He quickly grasped Kelly's arm and sought to hold his companion's averted gaze. Then in a voice which fairly shook with passion he demanded:

"Do you mean to say, 'Red,' that it was all a dirty job — that Johnson framed it up to cross me?"

"Surest thing, you know — a pipe! He bet his money against you that night — under cover, of course."

"By God!"

Campbell's bamboo cane broke in his clenched hands

with a pistol-like report. He tossed the pieces in the roadway and stood up with a jerk.

"Here!" exclaimed Kelly, dragging him forcibly back to his seat. "Don't lose your head entirely — what's the matter with you?"

"Matter — *matter?* If I live I'll —" a dry sob stifled further words. Thus he stood for a moment, his lips trembling and his hands twitching convulsively, unaware that Kelly's ferret eyes were marking every emotion. Slowly two tears rolled down his face and splashed upon the robe. Across Kelly's rubicund countenance flickered a smile, a very odd smile, with perhaps the faintest glimmer of triumph in it.

It was some little time before Campbell mastered the sudden spasm of wild rage which swept over him. Then Kelly spoke:

"I'll train you fer nothin' to go against McCormick if you can get a backer. Johnson wouldn't let McCormick fight any one now, 'less there's a bet of ten thousand a side, you know."

"*Johnson* — what's Johnson got to do with McCormick?"

"Oh, I guess he ain't got nothin' to do with McCormick — except that today he signed a five year contract to manage McCormick, that's all — here! where you goin'?"

"Let go of me, 'Red,'— I want to get out. Let go,

I say! I can't think — my head's on fire! I'll find that crook and beat him to death!"

For a moment he struggled mightily to escape, crying out like a child in distress and again giving away to the terrible heart-rending sobs of a strong man racked and torn by an uncontrollable fury. Meanwhile Kelly remained grimly fastened to him and anon across his shrewd Celtic face flickered that vague, triumphant smile, flickered again and went out. In a few moments Campbell's wild outburst of anger had subsided, and he was able to listen calmly.

"I know you could kill him for tyin' you up in such a dirty, raw deal. I know you'd like to go get him, but you can hurt him more'n killin' him."

"How?"

"Go get his money!"

"Fine! Yes — I guess I'd have a fat chance without a piece of lead pipe or a bottle of chloroform!"

"Oh, Mr. Wiseone Johnson ain't the north pole — he can be reached."

"You are talking foolishly, 'Red,'— I couldn't get anybody to bet stage money on me."

"Haven't you got a friend who is a friend of the main squeeze, eh?"

Campbell eyed Kelly keenly through half-closed lids.

"I'm not on, 'Red,' honestly I'm not."

"Oh, come off! The strongest guy in this town is

'Big Mike' Farrell, ain't he? He owns Tammany and the subway, and the courts, and the poolrooms, and — well, he's one big ace — ain't I right? Sure I am — and he's got one only daughter, ain't he? You don't know? Now, don't hand me that — you must think I'm pretty soft to fall for any such bull-con." Then beholding the look of blank amazement on Campbell's face, he cried explosively:

"Oh hell! Didn't I see you chasin' his daughter to her carriage at Forty-Second street and Broadway awhile ago?"

"Was *that* his daughter?"

"Well, I'll be — say, Barry, where do you live, anyway?"

"Take it from me, 'Red,' there's nothing to it. Her carriage was in a little smash-up and I — helped her along, that's all. Come to think of it she called me by name."

"Well, if you're givin' it to me straight, that's nothin' strange seein' how your face was in the papers every day for five years. Anyway, it's a cinch Farrell's heard all about what you did by this time, an' me an' you'll nail him at his house to-night. He knows I'm on the level an' I'll put him next to our game while you buzz the girl. I can show the 'big feller' that you're the goods. If he likes it, he'll shove money at Johnson till that piker'll have his hotel plastered with

mortgages worse'n a bill-board in circus time. Then when you just naturally hand a bunch of sweet dreams to Cham*peen* McCormick, Manager Johnson gets dear old Broadway pulled from under his feet and wakes up on the dump heap, see?"

In the subsequent rapid succession of events there transpired much to prove Kelly a most astute prophet. As he had cunningly predicted, the "big feller" liked it and straightway forced Johnson to give Campbell a return match for a side bet of twenty-five thousand dollars, the "big feller" placing his money on Campbell with the serene confidence of a man buying a government gold bond. In the intervening two months Kelly gave Campbell a tender care and nursing far surpassing that ever lavished by a devoted mother on her first-born. In consequence of which on the night of the contest Campbell realized he was in superb physical condition. Kelly himself seemed to be well satisfied with his preparatory work and tersely expressed himself as follows:

"I've given you the combination of the safe, Barry — it's up to you to get the money." Later, in the dressing-room, as they made final arrangements for the struggle, he added feelingly:

"Win to-night, Barry, an' you needn't work again as long as you live. The 'big feller' 'll stake you to somethin', sure. Take it from me — you can have anything you want — ain't that good

enought? You're in shape to fight all night I can't tell you how to fight him — you know better'n me — but watch out for that cursed right hand o' his'n. I 'spose you'll work just the same as you always do — careful, an' slow, an' sure — won't you?" he asked, eying Campbell with a peculiar intentness.

The fighter's face had grown as pale as the snow-white skin of his back and shoulders. His blue eyes glowed vengefully in a glittering, steely glare, and his thin lips moved to display his beautiful teeth in a terrifying smile, a smile ghastly in its deadly malevolence.

"Don't ask me what I'm going to do to-night," he breathed, "there's murder in my heart, 'Red,' and I dont' know what will be the finish. I'm only sure of one thing — that Johnson will be broke when it is over!" Again that uncertain, subtle smile fluttered to Kelly's inscrutable face and disappeared.

"Don't forget what he done to you," warned Kelly, still eying Campbell keenly.

"Don't worry," the latter answered, as he moistened his white lips. "I shall remember — so shall he! Come on — McCormick must be out. I hear the crowd applauding."

Their appearance was heralded by the rumbling thunder of many impatient feet and this noisy announcement was in turn taken up by the occupants of the boxes, who arose as one man to cheer the most popular

of ex-champions who was now surrounded by a retinue of handlers, and slowly forcing his way along the crowded aisle. As Campbell neared the ring he crossed to a private box, in response to a backward jerk made by the very large head of a very large man who sat in his shirt-sleeves and was industriously smoking a coal-black cigar in staccato puffs, like steam from an exhaust pipe. It was the "big feller."

"Bust in his slats — knock his block off," he growled huskily, indicating McCormick by a dab of his stubby thumb, "and say," he added hoarsely, as Campbell nodded and turned to the ring, "beat that sucker and I'll blow you to a trip 'cross the big pond with me and my little gal — that's good enough, ain't it?"

"Leave it to me," Campbell answered confidently and climbed through the ropes into the ring. As he stood for an instant in the white, almost blinding, glare of the powerful electric lights overhead, his set, colorless face was thrown into strong relief by the dark dressing-gown he wore. McCormick advanced toward him and they shook hands in the center of the resined surface.

"You're looking good, Barry," vouchsafed McCormick.

"Yes," he answered, "I'm quite satisfied with my condition this time."

"Say," continued McCormick, "did you ever see such a house?"

"It is a big one," replied the other, casually running his critical eyes over the vast assemblage, "and I am certainly glad of it. The bigger the crowd the more money for me."

"Maybe — maybe not," said McCormick with a grin. "If you're lucky enough to beat me to-night you'll be the first ex-champion on record who ever came back. I've got the Indian sign on you. It's all over but the shoutin'."

As they separated and returned to their respective corners it was noticed that a group of men stood at one side of the ring, arguing and gesticulating with an ever increasing vehemence. Foremost in the wrathy crowd were Kelly and Johnson, who had their faces close together and were shouting excitedly. A moment later all moved over to the side of the ring where the "big feller" sat, still contentedly smoking. It may be worthy of mention that in all that great audience he was the only one who did smoke.

"Nice time to make a squeal about the referee," explained Kelly disgustedly. "Johnson's holding out for 'Honest' John Brady. We all agreed on Charley Knight a week ago, but Johnson says he's been tipped off that Knight is goin' to be your new gas inspector. What do you say, Mike?" A fat hand plucked a fat cigar from between fat lips. Then the "big feller" roared two words:

"CHARLEY KNIGHT!"

Johnson's arms went up in the air in helpless submission.

"Take him," he snarled, "but it won't do you no good, and as for you," turning and pointing a shaking finger at Campbell—"why you're a dead one, you —— —— ——!" The dreadful, odious name which he applied to the fighter drove the latter's mocking smile from his pallid face and with a sharp, hissing imprecation he sprang from his chair toward his former manager. In an instant "Red" Kelly and the handlers had grasped Campbell and forcibly held him back, while the huge crowd went into an uproar over the extraordinary scene.

"Oh, turn the big bull loose," sneered Johnson. "Let's see what he'd do! The big stiff—he's a rank counterfeit. Huh! Look at him," he cried scornfully, as Campbell, straining frightfully, gasping spasmodically and glaring with the eyes of a maniac, suddenly broke down and began to sob like a child. "No, he ain't no bull yet," added Johnson derisively—"but he'll grow. See him beller!"

The terrifying sound of those uncontrolled voices, each of which seemed to be trying to out-scream the other, was lulled somewhat as a broad-shouldered man with a shining bald head climbed through the ropes and threw Johnson bodily toward the opposite corner.

It was the referee, and his business-like advent was another match to the explosive audience. The uproar again increased in volume until it became one deafening din.

"Campbell's looney!" shrieked a man from an upper tier.

"Johnson's got him goin'," screamed a gleeful McCormick backer, "an' we cash in. Hooray!"

Old-time fight attendants stood astounded at the sight of an ex-champion struggling and weeping in his corner while his handlers held him and managed to draw on the boxing gloves. It was a marvelous scene — this unstrung boxer who had always fought with the crafty, cool, unerring judgment of a field general, whose calm, precisive fighting had been that of an automatic machine as he mercilessly trimmed and polished his opponents, whose tranquil mind and extreme caution had been elements of prize ring history to conjure with — and now in the winking of an eye-lash he had been instantly stricken with a measureless, undying hatred. He was as one suddenly bereft of reason — a frantic, human bull-dog held in leash. Gradually the voices were stilled, for men had become shaken with the wonder of it all, indeed, in many faces flashed the superstitious awe of the ignorant. The tension was unbearable and now once again, as the rushing unreality of the scene forced itself upon those present, ominous

waves of sound, growing louder each second in volume, arose from the overwrought spectators until the continuous, unbridled roar had became a frenzied bedlam of wild cursings and appalling oaths. The referee crossed over and sought to soothe Campbell.

"Hey, Barry!" he yelled in the fighter's ear, "for the love of God, don't go off your nut entirely." But Campbell, gazing at Johnson with the stare of a madman, gave no heed. Completely mystified the referee appealed to Kelly, but all he received from the latter was — *a deliberate, knowing wink.*

"Any time — you're ready — Charley," grunted Kelly to the bewildered referee, who stood eying the trainer in amazement.

"What the hell!" began that official, but when Kelly stepped back from his struggling charge and howled:

"*Let 'em go!*"—he turned mechanically and nodded to the timekeeper. The bell rang.

Those who saw what followed will never forget it to their dying day. In the annals of prize ring history there never had been a battle like it — it is certain there will never be such another. Seemingly upon springs of steel, up leaped a fighter delirious with an insane fury and plunged madly across the ring at an antagonist who vainly sought to escape his opponent's vicious frenzy. But a human whirlwind was upon him. With the rapidity of light and with the power

of an outraged Hercules, stinging blows fell upon McCormick from every direction. At first McCormick sought to elude his relentless foe. Then realizing it was fight or succumb, he retaliated vengefully, cursing meanwhile and striking blindly, endeavoring to exchange punch for punch, and viciously butting in each clinch, but there was no rest for him and small chance to butt in clinches, because fearful swings lifted him out of each clinch in quick succession, a left-handed jab stretched him flat on his back and furious body punches made him groan in agony. There was no escaping the deadly onslaught. To old timers it was a weird sight — this experienced fighter with his boxing knowledge thrown to oblivion, with tears streaming down his face and literally cutting his frightened opponent to pieces with a relentless hurricane of terrible blows. Faster than the human eye could follow those flail-like strokes fell upon the dazed McCormick, sinking into his stomach, rocking back his head and again smashing him out of clinches when he strove desperately to hold on. And now came the master's finishing touch, in the form of a murderous right swing which traveled like an electric flash and found a secure resting place on McCormick's broad chin.

Ten seconds later McCormick had been hauled like a slaughtered animal to his chair and Campbell stood panting in his own corner, a man who had again come

to his own, a man who had overthrown the tradition of the ring — a champion fighter who had come back.

"What did you think of it, Mike?" roared Kelly gleefully to the "big feller," as he jerked off Campbell's gloves.

"What did I think of it?" he wheezed in wondering answer, "holy smoke — I didn't have time to think," which reply, considering the fight itself had actually consumed but thirty seconds of time, was a perfect expression of the great man's mental stupefaction.

Later in the evening when Kelly and the "big feller" had satisfactorily adjusted their business matters and from their comfortable chairs in the politician's own club they could view a world good to look upon, the "big feller" leaned over and inquired:

"Say — I'd like to know your reason for lettin' Barry start in when he was cryin' mad." Kelly leaned back and his peculiar smile returned.

"That's easy," he answered, "I tried a new scheme on Barry, but it mightn't work with all fighters. I was dead sure the only way for Barry to win was for him to forget all about the last time when McCormick licked him, and the only way this could be done was to get him plumb crazy. Now, if Johnson hadn't put him daffy right off the reel, I would have done so in a couple of rounds. You see, it's this way," continued Kelly reflectively. "I knew a young fighter once what could

lick any boy his own age, which was fourteen. One day this scrapper went from Cherry street to Central Park with a chip on his shoulder. Up in the park he met a Willie boy who wore ruffles on his shirt sleeves and who was sittin' on the grass playin' with a knife. The scrapper swiped th' knife from Willie, who puts up his hands and gets busy for his property. The scrapper pasted that Willie boy 'til his arms ached and then — then little Willie got *crazy, crying mad.* Well — the scrapper got beat to pieces! After that weepin' spell the scrapper wasn't in it. Lemme tell you somethin'— it was the only time the scrapper got licked in his life an' he never forgot it."

"Yah!— who was that phony scrapper?"

"Me!"

How Moriarty Escaped

How Moriarty Escaped

HE opened his eyes with a start, blinked liked an animal gazing into the blinding, noonday sun and then sat up in his narrow bed with a jerk. From the tiny window over his head the early morning light stretched across his cell and cast shadows of the two steel window bars on the white partition opposite. He could tell by the nearness of the two shadows to the bolt head sticking from the wall that it was six o'clock. The bolt was his daily sundial. Turning his head he peered with two rat-like eyes through the steel grating of his door to the stone corridor beyond where sat the alert, silent and grim deathwatch. The prisoner's bullet head shrank into his massive shoulders, then slowly dropped forward and remained motionless, like a bulldog surveying a dead opponent in the blood-splashed pit. His protruding chin formed one triangle point from which a straight line could be drawn over a wide sensual mouth, a long upper lip, a pug nose flattened and twisted like a bent corkscrew, across a forehead hardly high enough to separate the knitted, bushy eyebrows and the black bristly hair, to the dome-like crown of his head, which formed another triangle point, and then straight down to his bulging neck. What were once ears were now two toadstool-like projections sticking

from his head in ghastly prominence. Somewhere afar a bell tolled and then the answering stillness was rent sharply as a child's shrill, laughing treble came through the window and drummed its way into his slow brain. He shook his head pugnaciously and his repulsive face expressed the mighty, sullen rage within, as he recognized the sound.

Yes, outside were children playing in the June sunshine, he reflected, with a consuming bitterness. Young lads and pretty girls were going to the priest to be married, this afternoon bands would play at the race-tracks and to-night — where would he be to-night?— the bunch would meet in McGlory's joint over big glasses of foaming beer and talk about him — him that had got to go to the chair before the factory whistles blew at noon.

His beady eyes shot fierce beams of impotent fury around his steel sheathed cage and then rested fixedly on a bundle of black clothes near the door. Involuntarily he gasped with uncertain terror and then deep down in his barrel-like chest came a sickening sense of the nearness of death. Heretofore his hazy thoughts of the end had been in a dim perspective, it had been an abstract question, one unsuggested by any material symbol, but now those black, shiny garments in such a quiet, orderly pile on the cold, metal floor were frightfully tangible — ghastly concrete. Here at his very

feet was a beckoning finger from the grave which yawned for him. He slunk against the wall and drops of chilling perspiration dotted his ape-like forehead. Between the sombre coat and trousers was a layer of white, and in the gloomy light of his apartment, to his limited and distorted imagination, the bundle faded from its shroud-like form and suddenly loomed beside him in fiendish mockery, a veritable grinning death's head. For an instant he snarled at it in a spasm of deadly hate, but when it seemed to dance forward, his knotted fingers convulsively clutched his throat to stifle the wild scream of nameless fear which rose to his thick lips, and then, throwing the blanket over his head, he groveled among the bedclothes in a paroxysm of helpless and immeasurable terror.

As he lay thus and shook there was little to recall the invincible champion of two score prize rings, a man who had dared and defeated all who sought his title, but instead there was presented then the cowardly brute who had viciously pounced like a wild beast upon his patient, faithful woman companion, for some fancied wrong, and clubbed her head into an unrecognizable mass. It was for this he must die.

. . . . . .

His condition of abject awe slowly gave way to a strange and growing inspiration of new courage, and a keen animal cunning. He cautiously slipped the

blanket from his round head and his snaky eyes narrowly searched the figure of the imperturbable death-watch outside, in glittering malevolence. Ah — the glistening chain ran from a buttonhole in his watcher's coat to a side pocket where rested, he knew, the great prison keys. Now was his sluggish intellect marvelously quickened by the resolute thought of escape. Again was he the cool, resourceful fighter, mentally deliberating upon the complete, physical annihilation of an elusive antagonist. Now he never thought of the package of black clothes at his feet! Already in his mind's eye the June sun was warming his shaven head, graceful valleys and cool hills of waving green were gloriously greeting his vision, and rose scented breezes fanned the prison pallor of his cheek into a quick, joyous flush of anticipative freedom. The jailer's head had dropped forward a little. He was dozing!

The prisoner carefully stepped from his bed and then, quickly laying hold of the steel bars of his door, violently shook it like an enraged gorilla. At the sound of the loud rattling the death-watch sprang erect, revolver in hand. Somewhere in the distance a metal door clanged and then came the click of hurrying feet.

"What's the matter, Moriarty?" asked the warden, not unkindly, "you are'n't losing your nerve at the last minute, I hope. Your breakfast will be here soon. Did you want something?"

"I want Father Ryan," he said sulkily.

"But you broke his crucifix and drove him from your cell yesterday. He said he would not come again."

"I want Father Ryan," he repeated doggedly.

"Very well — I'll have to telephone and it may take ten minutes to get him. The rest of the keepers are in there." He pointed to the end of the passage where Moriarty knew was a door which opened upon that dreaded chair, now literally waiting to enfold him with its arms of death.

"It won't be long now, Moriarty. Keep up your courage," the warden added, in a low voice, as he turned and passed from view.

So! — the prison keepers were all in the death chamber? Of course, the guards were outside on the walls, but only this — this guy within six feet of him was between him and the sunlight!

"Hey, Bill!" he called, and the watcher came to the door. "S'pose we shake a good bye now — here's me left hand — it's nearest me heart."

Midway in the door was an aperture about eight inches square, through which food could be passed without unlocking the door. The keeper smiled sympathetically as he reached through the bars and then, when his charge leaned forward as though to whisper something, he bent his own head and turned his ear opposite the opening in the door. The next instant a gnarled

fist shot through the hole and landed with unerring aim and fearful force directly under the keeper's ear. He sank insensible and Moriarty, still holding one hand in an iron grip, pulled the inert body toward him against the bars. A hairy hand tore the keys from the keeper's coat, a bolt clinked in its socket and — Moriarty sprang into the corridor!

At his feet was the unconscious deathwatch in a huddled heap. With his fang-like teeth showing in a murderous smile of glee, he glided over the stone pavement with tigerish grace, noiselessly slipped a key from the bunch in his hands to the keyhole in the door leading to the death chamber, and half turned it, thus effectually preventing anyone from opening it except from his side —then back again with stealthy tread to where the keeper lay. He stooped over him, arose swiftly and then — once, twice, three times, the heavy revolver butt fell on the keeper's head, leaving a jagged, crimson track.

"That puts th' kibosh on you," he muttered, as he lifted the unconscious form and slammed it upon the bed. When he again leaped from the cell he wore the keeper's blue trousers and flannel shirt, and the black coat which the State had provided as part of his grave clothes. The trousers of the black suit he had found slit behind from knee to ankle and, consequently, useless. He ran down the corridor and back again. Nobody could get in but — *he couldn't get out!*

HOW MORIARTY ESCAPED.

The house of execution was a small building apart from the main prison, consisting of two cells in which criminals were placed when their time for electrocution grew near. Its other condemned occupant had gone to the chair the week before and Moriarty was now alone.

"That's where they fatted me like a prize hog fer th' slaughter," he growled, with a curse, as he eyed his cage again. Thirty feet above his head the corrugated sheet iron roof sloped gradually downward to the rear wall. He had never before noticed that small wooden skylight in the roof. *There* might be a way! From wall to wall ran a round iron bar as a support to the building. It was high above his head and fully seven feet beneath the skylight. If he could only reach that bar — *if he only could!* His little eyes gleamed and he drew in his breath with a hissing noise as he saw a water pipe running down one wall from roof to floor. In four jumps he had reached the pipe and with another spring had fastened upon it with the nimbleness of a cat. Up — up he climbed, clawing with hands, digging with feet and gripping with knees, inch by inch, until the bar was gained. As he grasped it and swung clear in the air like a gymnast, there came a banging on the steel door of the death chamber. Hand over hand he went along the bar with the agility of a monkey, swinging back and forth through space in his

passage like a pendulum, until he saw he was beneath the skylight. The pounding in the corner grew louder. He snarled in wolfish rage and muttered defiling oaths as he began to jerk his body forward, now backward, each time gaining momentum, until at last he was under full headway, and circling like an acrobat on a horizontal bar. Then, as his body soared high, poised in mid air for the fraction of a second and began a descent of appalling celerity, his legs straightened out and on the upward swing his feet landed full against the skylight with irresistible force. It broke from its fastenings as from the impact of a battering ram and then overhead — was the gold of the sun, the blue of the sky, the flocculent, white clouds and — freedom!

The sharp ring of metal against metal assailed his ears from below and as he desperately strove to gain his equilibrium on the slippery iron bar, his eyes grew bloodshot, foam came to his mouth and his teeth gnashed incessantly like the snapping of a mad dog. Slowly he arose to an upright position on the bar, weaving too and fro dizzily for a perfect balance, leaped for the skylight edge, held on for a second and then wiggled his way up through the hole. Sliding to the edge of the roof, he hung for an instant and dropped to the ground. He saw two children look up from their playing in wide-eyed wonder at a hatless man who had apparently fallen from the sky. He knew they were the

warden's children and that their father's house was before him. The high prison wall joined the house on each side, but the house itself fronted on — the street! To the right on the massive stone abutment a man had just stepped from a turret and stood silhouetted against an azure background. Simultaneously with a puff of smoke which arose from the man, came a shower of brick dust on his own head — the bullet was six inches too high. He dashed through the door, in his headlong rush knocking over a woman in the kitchen who was standing as one petrified; tore through the dining-room and hall, and out upon the sidewalk. In front a boy had just ridden up on a bicycle and dismounted. In another moment the boy was stretched out on his back and he was riding the wheel at a furious pace toward the open country.

On and on he sped, up hill and down with undiminished speed, beside graceful meadows and through stately woods until at last every blistering breath seemed a red hot iron burning a hole in his chest, and tearing pains coursed through his legs with an untold agony. Just ahead railroad tracks crossed the highway and here he fell from his bicycle, panting and numb. Then on his hands and knees, and dragging the wheel behind, he crawled into the thick laurel and alders, and plunged forward on his face as one dead. Far away a whistle shrieked and the hills took up its echoing wail. He

heard it again, this time much nearer, and accompanied by the increasing roar of pounding wheels. He staggered to his feet to see a long freight train approaching and slowing up. Afraid of the open highway he dove forward in the direction of the cars. Staggering and stumbling he advanced slowly, vines and roots tripped him, thorns and brambles stung him like a nest of wasps, low branches lashed his face into livid welts, and still he reeled ahead. At last he reached the long row of empty coal cars, scrambled over the side of the nearest one and tumbled breathlessly to the floor. The train backed up a hundred yards and then resumed its way as a brakeman swung up on the car and dropped beside him.

"Whatcher doin' here?" he growled, to the haggard faced man at his feet. His reply was to grin as a maniac grins and then crouch as if to spring at the other's throat.

"Hold on!" yelled the brakeman, "yer kin ride all right. I don't want t' put yer off." Moriarty settled back, but his glittering eyes never left the railroad man who stood startled and transfixed, with icy waves creeping along his spine. He knew there was murder in that hulking figure. He could see it in the twitching fingers, in the gleam of those orbs through slitted lids, in the clicking teeth of the Ourang-outang jaw, in the bullet head, dovetailed deep between spreading shoulders — and he made haste to show his good will. He bent

over and raised his voice above the deafening roar of the train.

"Just broke out th' pen, didn't yer?" Moriarty silently glared at him. "That's all right, pal, keep mum if yer want t'. I'm a wise gazabo — an' I'm yer friend, at that! Are you listenin'?" The other nodded. "This down freight always stops there to pick up an empty or two. They'll tumble yer made this train an' lay fer yer at Poughkeepsie. Yer want t' go th' other way. 'Bout two miles below here we pick up more empties at a sidin' an' th' Chicago Express stops there fer water. Make that Flyer an' yer git a start, anyway." As he spoke the train slackened speed and hardly came to a full stop when the Express rolled along side. The brakeman peered between the trains, and then tapped Moriarty on the shoulder.

"Now!" he said. "Scoot fer that Pullman an' straddle a truck. Yer'll be in Chicago to-night. S'long."

From his uncomfortable position on the rear truck of the Pullman, sprawled out and hugging close lest he be shaken off and pulverized by those ringing, spinning wheels, he caught fleeting glimpses of rivers below and anon to his blurred vision came stretches of thick forests and undulating fields in a lighting-like panorama. As the ties rushed underneath in an endless stream the keen exultant comprehension of his regained liberty soon changed from an emotion of ecstatic

buoyancy to one of dreary monotony, and then with the passing hours his unvarying, cramped position brought acute suffering which at last wore down even his dense, unimpressionable nature, so that at times his dull faculties awoke to half-hysterical ravings. In rational periods he was torn with longing for man's help and a deadly fear of capture. That hideous chair was then before him, seemingly surrounded by millions of electric sparks, with flashes of death dealing bolts shooting from it into space. Whenever the engine, without abating its flashing speed, scooped water from the reservoirs between the rails, he was soaked through and through. The stinging dust blinded him, cinders bored into his flesh and scorched his face like hot needles, and soon a raging thirst consumed him. In his racking punishment he shrieked aloud, but the grinding wheels gathered up his agonizing scream and ricocheted it back to him. Still he hung on. The sunlight faded. At long intervals the train stopped and then blackened imps who carried torches of fire which stifled him, and who swung huge hammers against the wheels about him until their pounding of the resounding metal rang through his ears and brain in a rampant tumult. The weight of the whole car seemed on his back, his legs could brace no more, and his hands had not power left to grip a wet sponge. Then — then his teeth closed on a protruding bolt and he held on like a bull dog, as the car

pitched from side to side, swerved around curves and flew on with uncanny velocity through an inferno of sounds into the depths of purgatory.

A lifetime of unspeakable misery was nearing its end. The train gradually lessened headway and the hissing air brakes blocked the wheels to a full stop. He had endured to the utmost of his being. Human nature could no longer withstand that living hell of excruciating pain and smothering blackness. Dragging himself clear he fell helplessly between the rails. The train remained motionless, yet at any moment it might proceed, and as the thought of his extremely precarious position dawned upon him he gritted his teeth and crawled clear of the rails. His feeling of complete exhaustion grew less as his blood quickened into renewed life and, after two fruitless efforts, he stood waveringly upon his feet. He was in a freight yard. The flaring engine headlights leered menacingly from the sombrous night at him with a terrifying eye, the rythmic gasp of escaping steam was like the labored panting of hidden monsters, bells rang, cars rattled and smashed each other and in front of him myriads of electric lights were dancing like fire flies.

The railroad depot must be there. The muscles of his legs were twitching through the relaxing of his tense position, yet instinctively they resumed the old trained lockstep as he moved along. A queer sounding

bell, striking spasmodically, a long, white bar soaring heavenward and a heavy truck bounding across the tracks ahead, told him he was at a grade crossing. He left the ties for the darkened street, one hand clutching the keeper's revolver and his eyes, now bright as an owl's, penetrating hallways and alleys. He stopped once to remove the hat from a drunken man sleeping beside a billboard and placed it on his own head, then lurched on. At a cross street he paused to survey a crowd of men standing under an arc light in front of a barn-like structure. It attracted him and then — intuitively, he knew a prize fight was taking place inside.

"What's doin'?" he asked the nearest man.

"Looks like a fakerino," was the disgusted reply. "'Pelims went off all right, but th' star bout is all t' th' bad. Half past 'leven now an' th' stiff from St. Louis what was goin' on t' do a final 'f fifteen with th' Chicago 'Cyclone' ain't showed up. If he don't flash pretty quick th' mob 'll be squealin' fer their mazumas, an' put th' joint on th' bum."

He quickly elbowed his way through the crowd and stood before the ticket seller who scowled at the grimy, repellant face framed in the small window.

"Whatcher yer want?" growled the official.

"Just left me job in th' coal yard," he answered. "If you want anyone to go on wi' th' Cyclone — I'm it!"

"You?" in exasperated derision, "why, he'd knock yer dead. Ever do any scrapin'?"

"Just a few. Show me some clothes an' if I don't beat his block off I don't git a sou — ain't that good enough fer *you?*"

After a hurried conversation within he was escorted to a dressing room, and while he was making ready he heard the announcer bawling the welcome news that the management had arranged a bout between the Chicago "Cyclone" and an unknown.

The familiar roar of applause which arose at his appearance was like rich wine to his blood, the smoke laden atmosphere was sweet incense to his nostrils and he sprang through the ropes with a set expression of ferocity on his ugly face. Everything was unchanged to him except the chair in his corner and for the first time in his ring career he found *a seat provided which had arms to it.* That was funny! A chair with wide arms in a fighter's corner! Well, his handlers didn't seem to mind it. He thought it was peculiar they should press him back in his chair and whisper peculiar words of advice in his ears. Across the ring his antagonist daintily shuffled his feet in the powdered rosin, danced nimbly about on his toes and tested the taut ropes. Overhead the arc lights shed blinding rays upon the padded floor and Moriarty noticed they were fed by a long, swaying wire which ran from the side of the build-

ing. Midway in the air a tiny spark played along its surface. The twinkling light fascinated him and when the gong clanged for the call of time he advanced toward his opponent in his usual menacing manner, but still holding that flashing spark above with the corner of his eye.

He feinted, led, counted and clinched with the easy mechanical movements of all boxers in every opening round and returned unruffled to his corner for the moment's rest, except for an inexplicable desire to keep that bright spark overhead within his vision.

He grasped the arms of his chair again — *such hard wide arms!* — and then observed the spark had grown larger and was sputtering belligerantly in a blue flame. He gazed at it, first in wide eyed amazement, watching its increasing glow fearfully with staring eyes, and then fairly shaking with vague terror. Suddenly there was a lightning-like flash, a sharp cracking noise and the wire parted. Writhing and snapping the glowing end, alive with death-dealing fire, fell toward him and he sought to jump, but too late! — those chair arms held him fast as in a vise and in another instant the quivering wire had coiled around him with the speed of light, wrapping him tight with red hot bands which burned to the bone. The sputtering head of the molten snake struck at the back of his neck, searing its way to his brain, his eyeballs split in twain, his lips burst

and his legs were incased in a withering furnace fire of white heat. He caught the putrid odor of sizzling flesh, strove with one supreme effort to escape the horrible, intolerable torture and ——

. . . . . .

The bright incandescent light over the straining figure in the high backed chair went out as the current was shut off, and the lifeless body of Moriarty, the murderer, relaxed limply. The State physician made the usual death tests and stepping back, said, with a sigh of relief:

"Well, he's dead at last!"

The attendants unstrapped the warm body and stretched it upon the table. The trembling, white faced witnesses slowly filed out.

"Never in my experience," declared the physician, "have I seen such power of resistence as he possessed against the voltage we gave him. These animal-like beings are naturally incapable of keen, quick impressions. They are not immediately susceptible of punishing sensations like you and I. The prizefighter becomes successful in his profession because a hard blow on the jaw is not telegraphed, so to speak, to his brain with the resulting unconsciousness which would follow were a man of a delicate, nervous organism to receive the same blow."

"Doctor, do you imagine these criminals suffer any when electrocuted?" asked the warden.

"Not at all," he answered. "They never know what strikes them."

"Well, this prizefighter, Moriarty, was a great surprise to me. We found him moaning with his head under the bed clothes when his time came. He was too weak with fright to dress himself. We got him ready and hurried him here as fast as we could. He lost his nerve completely — in fact, I am sure his mind was wandering. Yes, Doctor, that is all — I am glad it is over with."

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